New Statesman

The Week-end Review

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Rt Hon.
George Brown MP
LABOUR & DEFENCE
A Proposal for Unity

★

Profile of Welensky
with VICKY drawing

★

And Now Nigeria
by Basil Davidson

★

AUTUMN BOOKS
Joyce Cary in Africa
Lord Stansgate
R. H. S. Crossman
V. S. Pritchett
Sir Eric Ashby

★

David Drew on The Ring

An Issue of Confidence

Two statements stand out in the weighty article which we publish today by Mr George Brown. He is Labour's official spokesman on defence and the most important architect of the new policy embodied in the Executive's own conference resolution. He urges that there is no case for a 'showdown' at the party conference. Defence policy will continue to be debated whatever the conference decides; the party is thus being unnecessarily driven towards an open split. This view is likely to be contested by Mr Gaitskell, on the one hand, and by some out-and-out unilateralists, on the other. Mr Brown reasonably holds that it is wise to seek conciliation. Secondly, he states that he himself intends to vote for the Transport and General Workers' resolution and hopes that the Executive will accept it.

The Cousins resolution says nothing of Nato or nuclear bases, but it demands 'a complete rejection of any defence policy based on the threat of the use of strategic or tactical nuclear weapons'. This, as Mr Brown, himself a member of the T&GW, has made clear, refers to British defence, though Mr Gaitskell has repeatedly attempted to suggest that it is meant to apply to the West as a whole. Many unilateralists have welcomed the T&GW resolution because it goes further towards unilateralism than the Executive's resolution; though this also repudiates the British deterrent, urges that we should neither manufacture nor test nuclear weapons, states that the West should never be the first to use its nuclear weapons (thereby undermining their point as deterrents), and demands that we should aim at revising the nuclear strategy of Nato. Neither resolution can wholly satisfy the CND, which will in any case continue to press for full acceptance of its policy.

The Executive's resolution was originally drafted in Mr Gaitskell's absence as an important, if limited, step towards the same unilateralist objective as the T&GW resolution. The two resolutions have been made to appear incompatible because Mr Gaitskell, on his return, though formally accepting the Executive resolution, has nevertheless constantly presented it as anti-unilateralist. In this splitting manoeuvre he has been aided by some of his colleagues as well as by newspapers, which have even gone so far as to suggest that the Executive resolution upholds the British nuclear policy which it formally repudiates. Mr Brown argues that there is no logical disparity between the two resolutions and that both can be honestly supported.

Granted that the Executive resolution is a step towards unilateralism, and the T&GW resolution only a further step, then Mr Brown is clearly right. His own change of view about Britain's deterrent was publicly expressed some months ago. Since then it is well known that he has been attempting to persuade Mr Gaitskell to abandon his personal interpretation, and that in fact there would not have been two rival resolutions had not Mr Gaitskell refused in any way to associate himself with Mr Cousins. It is Mr Gaitskell who has created the split and that is why the issue is inevitably one of confidence in the party leader.

The issue before the conference can thus be stated shortly and sharply. If the Executive resolution means what its authors have claimed for it and what has been widely accepted as its meaning in constituency parties, then the T&GW resolution is compatible with it. If the Executive refuses to accept the T&GW resolution, the explanation must be that Mr Gaitskell and his friends interpret the Executive's statement as meaning something different from what its authors have claimed for it and from what the rank and file of the party understands.

If Mr Brown's proposal is rejected and the Executive turns down the Cousins resolution, then the split in the party will be open and for a long time irreparable. Forcing Mr Gaitskell's interpretation of the official resolution on the conference would hopelessly divide the rank and file; there would be no accepted leadership and the party's future would indeed be murky. Even extremists may regard conciliation as a lesser evil.

Comments on the Week's News

New York

Face to Face with Krushchev

K. S. KAROL *writes from the UN:* 'Journalism these days is a process of endurance without vision; you come home with blood running out of your shoes and the sense of having missed it all, and your grandmother tells you what she saw on television'. Thus Murray Kempton in the *New York Post*, and I was inclined to agree with him until two events, last week, restored my confidence in my profession. The first was when I got my pass for the delegates' lounge at the UN. This place is a journalist's dream. Every day, before, after and often during the sessions, you can talk there not only with the leading western delegates and the timid new men from Africa, but also with what one New York paper calls 'top-ranking Red vermin from the East'.

The second event was an invitation from the 'Fair Play Committee for Cuba' to meet Fidel Castro at the Hotel Teresa in Harlem. I accepted, I might add, with some alacrity: the press here has been publishing some pretty lurid commentaries on the goings-on at the Teresa. *Item:* 'All through the day and all through the night since Fidel and his band made the long trek to Harlem, girls, girls, girls have marched into the Cuban's suite. There have been blondes, brunettes, redheads and – a detective said – many known prostitutes . . . A hotel employee said Fidel himself had a visitor from 2 am to 3.30 am yesterday, an attractive, bosomy blonde. The employee did not know whether they discussed high international policy . . .'

Well, there were no bosomy blondes, no 'oceans of booze', not much cigar-smoke even. But the atmosphere was relaxed, a little Mediterranean perhaps – at any rate in strict contrast to the stiff protocol in the UN's glass skyscraper. Fidel put in an appearance, amid a crackle of back-slaps, cheek-kissing and 'Come here, *Fidelito!*' 'I feel as though I've suddenly reached an oasis here after crossing a desert', he began, and then launched into a short speech about human dignity, most of which, in the general hubbub, I didn't catch. But he promised to stop at each table, 'to salute my friends'. To my surprise, he was as good as his word, and within a few minutes, I found myself face to face with him, his beard thrust towards me until it was almost tickling my chin, while he unburdened himself of everything that was on his mind (he talked English, with occasional assistance from an aide). His face, surprisingly young and expressive, is even more striking than his beard, and in the art of mimicry he beats Krushchev hands down. When he talks of the injustices the US has inflicted on his people, he makes you feel that he is suffering physically, that there is a genuine, man-sized lump in his throat. Listening to him hold forth about the Cuban people, we were all impressed by his complete sincerity.

I spent some time at the Teresa, talking to the Cubans. On one point, from Castro down, they were unanimous: they had no faith whatsoever in US intentions. Castro really believes that Eisenhower's offer of aid without strings to Africa is moonshine, and that the object of US policy is to set up a stable of Batista dictatorships. All his colleagues seem to share this persecution complex. That such fears are exaggerated is certain; but equally certain is that Krushchev must take account of them in elaborating his UN tactics.

All the eastern delegates talked to me this week of his conciliatory mood. I am prepared to trust several of them, and I know that they are only waiting for the green light from Krushchev to improve their own relations with the West. At the same time, I found Krushchev's own speech profoundly disappointing. His remarks about the need for Soviet-American understanding and the renewal of his disarmament offer were drowned in a flood of anti-American and anti-colonialist abuse. Further, his attack on Hammarskjold was both unexpected and pointless. Why is he persisting in a line which has already been rejected by the very people he most wants to win over – the Afro-Asian delegates? Seeking some explanation from my contact in the Soviet bloc, I found them still clinging to their earlier optimism.

By the middle of this week, the centre of interest had begun to shift from the floor of the Assembly to the corridors. Castro had made his long, inflammatory speech against America, Gomulka had spoken – moderately – and Nasser, to the general surprise, had revealed himself as a reasonably-minded political heavyweight. And so on to the diplomatic receptions and the huddles behind closed doors. On the day Nasser spoke, I found myself, by good luck, face to face with Nikita Krushchev at a Czech reception and was able to have 20 minutes' conversation with him in Russian. Although we had met only twice before, he remembered me – another indication of his retentive brain.

I asked him first what he thought of Nasser's speech, with its suggestion that he and Ike should meet. Krushchev shrugged his shoulders and said: 'I rather like the suggestion of the Uruguayan delegate, that we should accept the procedure of the Papal Conclave and lock me up with Eisenhower until we reach agreement. My American friends have already presented me with a pipe, so we won't have any trouble about the smoke-signals.' How long, I asked, was he prepared to wait for such a meeting. 'I'm here on my holidays', Krushchev replied, genially winking at me. 'I can stay for a very long time'. When I met Krushchev with Bevan in Moscow, he grumbled that he would never get any holidays so long as Gromyko was alive, adding 'One day I'll drown the man in order to get some peace'. I reminded him of these remarks, and to my astonishment he started to shout out: 'Gromyko! Where are you?' Immediately, Gromyko popped up in front of us, respectful and attentive. Krushchev, very much *le roi soleil*, did not deign to address a single word to him.

I switched the subject. What, I asked, did he think of Gomulka's proposal that the great powers should not assist their allies to make nuclear weapons. 'I agree with him', said Krushchev, 'and I'm happy to have good allies like the Poles who don't ask for atomic bombs and rockets'. I objected that the Poles were not the only allies of the USSR, that there were others, like the Chinese. This did not worry Krushchev: 'All my friends are good friends – good friends', he said, smiling, as if to hint that, to be a good friend of the USSR, you mustn't ask for nuclear weapons.

I then asked him: 'What are you going to do if your plan to reorganise the UN secretariat is not accepted?' Again, Krushchev shrugged his shoulders and grinned at me: 'We existed before the UN, we exist with the UN, and we will continue to exist whatever happens to the UN', he said, highly pleased with himself. We exchanged remarks on the subject of de Gaulle and Algeria. Then the Czech president, Novotny, drew Krushchev into a private room, leaving me with Kardar, who said: 'All western journalists are welcome in Hungary'.

The End of Isolation

ROBERT BENDINER *writes*: As if the imminence of the World Series were not enough competition for politicians in an election campaign, the United Nations has come along with a show that has all but driven them off the front page. The kind of campaign so far waged by nominees Nixon and Kennedy would hardly raise a fever in any case, but with the hullabaloo now going on beside the East River, they are in danger of being forgotten altogether. There was probably more interest in whether Hammarskjold could carry the Ivory Coast last week than in whether Nixon could carry Ohio.

Inevitably the stir centres in New York, which has been seeing some strange sights: Greeks and Albanians battling on First Avenue over the destinies of Northern Epirus; Krushchev waiting 40 minutes on a mid-town doorstep for a rendezvous with the eccentric Fidel Castro; Krushchev and Castro embracing each other on a side-walk in Harlem; a Moroccan attaché driving his car into a traffic policeman; and Nasser settling down in a Long Island mansion just across the road from an opulent synagogue.

It would be a mistake, however, to assume that the interest is confined to freakish New York. During most of the first week of the Assembly session I was in the Deep South, and the headlines there were given over to such stories as Krushchev's bleak arrival and Castro's squabbles with a mid-town hotel, where his entourage had been plucking and cooking chickens in the bedrooms, to the reasonable dismay of the management. Even more significant, television station switchboards across the country were tied up by callers inquiring about the delay in Krushchev's appearance before the Assembly, certainly an unusual expression of interest. It

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must be conceded at the same time that thousands of calls also came in protesting at the displacement of regular shows on two successive days by Eisenhower and the Soviet leader, and one network found it advisable to put off its coverage of the Assembly until a soap opera couple could be put through a long-anticipated marriage ceremony. It is all very well for such climaxes to be postponed by fate, but it is still too great a responsibility to place on the UN.

President Eisenhower's speech produced more mail and telegrams than he had ever received in a single day, and the response was overwhelmingly favourable. Even the opposition joined in the chorus of praise for the evenness of his tone, the loftiness of the approach, if not its originality, and his refusal to indulge in the kind of acrimony that has become standard in what passes for East-West diplomacy. 'It will surely be remembered as one of Mr Eisenhower's finest hours,' said the critical *New York Post*, and Senator Morse of Oregon, rarely less than caustic in his comments on the Administration, thought it 'a truly great speech,' destined for the history books.

A few diehard isolationist papers, like the *New York Daily News*, repeated their stale fears of what the taxpayers would suffer from Ike's 'super-generous talk of far-flung economic aid for numerous backward countries,' and, like Krushchev, they want to see the UN driven from American soil. But theirs has become the tiresome voice of cranks. It is safe to say that American esteem for the United Nations reached a peak with the 70-nil vote of confidence in Hammarskjold. That vote, and the subsequent retreat of the Russians from the Congo, not only did mortal injury to what was left of isolationism at home, but went far to reconcile Americans to neutralism abroad.

Moscow

Through Russian Eyes

Our Moscow Correspondent writes: With one notable exception – Dr Nkrumah's speech was given verbatim – reports on the General Assembly appearing in the Soviet press have been confined to the activities of Mr Krushchev and the repercussions of his visit to the 'heart of capitalism'. The entire operation, from the moment the Baltika left on its 'historic peace cruise', has been presented as a foray by the 'ebullient, energetic' leader of the Communist camp against the capitalist world, which is 'not only contracted and weakened but also rent with internal contradictions'. The confusion in western chancelleries, the losses on the New York stock market, the hesitations of some premiers to attend the Assembly, were all exploited to the full as evidence of the strength of the 'fresh breeze blowing over East River'. The restrictions placed on Mr Krushchev's movements were of course interpreted as showing that 'the forces of aggression are endeavouring to continue their nefarious efforts to sabotage international talks'.

Every public appearance of Mr Krushchev, whose photograph had already been appearing on the front page of *Pravda* practically every day since his return from the Crimea, has been fully reported, and his impromptu press conferences and his meetings with other Communist leaders and representatives of the uncommitted nations have generally taken priority over reports of the proceedings in the Assembly itself. To date he has only once been pictured meeting the American people – in marked distinction from the time of his last visit – receiving a Pipe of Peace from a scientist. The impression is given that the Soviet Premier is rallying a numerous force of supporters of his disarmament and anti-colonial policies against those who oppose them and hence place themselves automatically among the 'war-lovers'. As *Pravda* put it, 'it is the awareness of his lofty duty, the confidence in the righteousness of the noble cause he is championing in the interests of all mankind, plus the tremendous and unflinching faith that hundreds of millions have in the sane wisdom of the USSR's policy of peace, that is the source of the infectious optimism, the ebullience and the calm and sagacious confidence of the head of the Soviet government'.

The Soviet press goes further. It maintains that Mr Krushchev and his policies command widespread support among the American people. 'A Fine Initiative! Thanks, Americans Say', was how *Pravda* headlined the first dispatches from its correspondents in New York. 'Life in this eight-million strong city is centred on Krushchev's stay,' they wrote, quoting among others an unsigned letter sent to Krushchev which they found 'interesting'; 'God is against capitalism. Russia is also against it. I love Russia.' A few days later they reported with satisfaction that, while cameras clicked and whirred for 20 minutes photographing Krushchev at the inauguration of the session, no noticeable interest was taken in Secretary Herter or Lord Home, whose faces were 'drawn and bored'.

In these circumstances, so different from those of a year ago when his statements were given extensive coverage, President Eisenhower could not expect to command much attention in the Soviet newspapers. In fact, on the day following his speech to the Assembly, *Pravda's* front page was taken up mainly by two pictures of Mr Krushchev, one of them showing him in the company of the Prime Minister of Togo, and by a long report of his exchanges with journalists from the balcony of his hotel. Eisenhower got ten inches on Page Five, tucked in between Tito and the Foreign Minister of Brasil. *Izvestia*, however, made amends by printing the President in full.

Central Africa

The Monckton Bombshell

Our Commonwealth Correspondent writes: It is now clear that the Monckton Report will recommend that each of the three territories be accorded the right of secession – Southern Rhodesia immediately, Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland within five years. The fact that this issue, central to the whole future of the Federation, was discussed at all is entirely due to the stand made by the British Labour Party. Sir Roy Welensky had announced that he would never be a party to any commission which was allowed to discuss the right of secession. Mr Macmillan, therefore, was unable to admit that this right was included in the terms of reference. Yet, because the Labour Party consistently emphasised that the Commission was worthless unless it could consider this issue and finally refused to nominate members because the right was not assured, Sir Walter Monckton and his colleagues were forced to discuss secession or to have their report overwhelming condemned as beside the point. Sir Roy Welensky is now legitimately furious that he has been let down by his Conservative friends. Nevertheless, and in spite of the precedent of the Devlin Report, neither he nor the Conservative government will find it easy to reject the recommendations. The fact that no Labour nominee was a member will prevent the Commission from being described as prejudiced against Welensky and federation. It has recently become apparent to all sane observers that only by establishing the right of secession, restoring many powers over the daily life of Africans from the federal to the territorial governments, and introducing some approximation to democratic representation in the federal parliament can any kind of association between the three territories be maintained. It is not surprising that the majority of the Monckton Commission have recognised this.

When the report is published next month it will be followed by wild demands from the white settlers of the two Rhodesias for extreme action, immediate secession by Southern Rhodesia, and another threat of 'a Boston tea-party'. Many of the African nationalists will also criticise it, though their leaders will realise that the balance has turned in their favour. No doubt there will also be angry cries from Tory backwoodsmen. The future of Central Africa is thus likely to be a crucial issue in British politics this winter. If Britain is to retain any influence of prestige in the uncommitted world, we must realise that the time is past for listening to the neurotic cries of white settlers or the indignant bumbling of Tory colonels. In that context, Mr Macleod was wise to announce this week the first steps towards new constitutional talks on Northern Rhodesia.

EDWARD HYAMS

already well known to readers of this journal, is by profession a horticulturist as well as a writer and this week begins (on p. 496) *a regular column of personal reflections under the general title of* THE COUNTRYSIDE.

St Pancras

The Six Per Cent Riots

Our Own Correspondent writes: It is not true to say, as has been widely suggested, that the brawling between police and demonstrators in this borough had little to do with rents. Certainly unscrupulous agitators had been at work; equally the council had neglected fully to explain their scheme to tenants: but the root of the trouble, which the agitators skilfully nourished, was the unfairness of the differential scheme. Nothing has angered the tenants more than the Council's refusal to allow – as the successful Lambeth and Hammersmith differential schemes do allow – the first pound or two of a housewife's income to be left out of the calculations of family income.

At this week's meeting the council have at long last shown a willingness to listen to reason although, regrettably, only after heads have been broken. But the problems of St Pancras are now becoming general. The anti-social policy of office-building in London at the expense of homes; the debilitating rates of interest on housing loans – of every £100 collected in rent in St Pancras last year £51 went in interest; and the whole vexed question of social policy towards council tenants: all

these are problems which are going to create trouble between councils and tenants in the immediate future. What makes this last question especially thorny is the fact that nowadays only one in six families moving into new LCC houses are taken from council waiting lists. The rest move because their homes are demolished in clearance schemes, and frequently are not hardship cases in the usual sense. Differential rents may be justified to meet this situation. But what is a fair rent? One-eighth of income as in Lambeth? Or one-fifth, as in St Pancras? And how long is the government prepared to wash its hands of the social results of high interest rates and little planning?

Burma

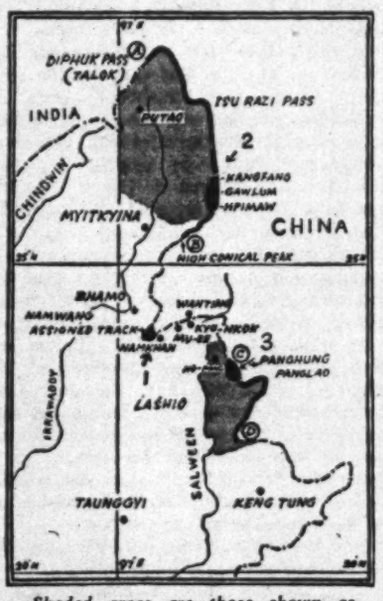
A Frontier at Last

DOROTHY WOODMAN *writes:* One Asian Prime Minister who will not be in New York this weekend is U Nu. He will be in Peking, and with him General Ne Win and the largest number of Burmese – cultural, military and commercial – ever to have been abroad at one and the same time. U Nu and Chou En-lia will put their signatures to a border treaty drawn up by joint Sino-Burmese survey teams to implement the agreement which Ne Win, the then Prime Minister, signed with Chou En-lai last January. The two countries are treating the occasion as auspicious; the Burmese government is presenting 2,000 tons of rice and 1,000 tons of salt to about a million Chinese living near the boundary, and the Chinese government are presenting to the million and a quarter Burmese in the same area 2.4 million metres of printed cloth and 600,000 porcelain plates. The two survey teams will play soccer matches before the vast crowds congregated in Peking for the 11th anniversary of the Chinese People's Republic.

Not all the boundary pillars will have been erected when the two Prime Ministers sign their treaty, but most of the sites will have been selected by joint Sino-Burmese survey teams, working along the 380 miles of undemarcated northern border (A to B on map) as well as 180 miles of border – demarcated but unrecognised by China – on Wa State (C to D on map). Some hundreds of security troops and carriers, 4,000 mules and 600 Burmese surveyors have been involved. Most of the survey was carried out on foot, often in torrential rains. North of Putao lay Burma's icy mountains, known to few except explorers like the late Frank Kingdon-Ward, and south lay virgin jungle with scarcely a mule-track. This part of the frontier, down to Isu Razi Pass, was the McMahon Line.

The fixing of boundary pillars along the watershed between the Salween and the N'Maikha will give Burma the first fixed boundary it has ever had with its Chinese neighbour. It also ends the anxious speculation about Chinese intentions over the large areas which were marked as Chinese territory on official maps and in school geographies (see map). This was the issue which prompted U Nu to raise the boundary problem with Chou En-lai at the end of 1954. But the moment was inopportune, and the question came to a head some months later when Chinese troops crossed over the border in several places, especially in the Wa State. This incident came as a shock to the Bandung powers, many leaders of which pointed out to Chou En-lai that this was a most unhappy example to set to the cold-warring states of the non-Bandung world. At Mr Nehru's suggestion (the Chinese had not at that time invaded Indian territory) U Nu was invited to Peking and negotiations began at the end of 1956, which by zig-zag paths have led to the jollifications in Peking this weekend. Considering the long and involved history of the Sino-Burmese boundary, U Nu has told parliament, and the fact that the recent negotiations had started where the British had left off, Burmese interests are well served.

The Chinese too have good reason to be satisfied. Not only is the boundary fixed and their prestige enhanced, they also have a non-aggression pact with Burma, signed last January. How much or how little this means, only time can show; but in India and Nepal, which are still having trouble with their Chinese borders, it is legitimately asked whether Peking has not won a potential ally at their expense; whether in fact Burma is still in the group of uncommitted nations.



Shaded areas are those shown as territory of China in Chinese atlases.

Solid areas are those included in Sino-Burmese border agreement 1960.

1 is ceded to Burma.

2 and 3 are ceded to China.

A to B (380 miles) and C to D (180 miles) surveyed by Sino-Burmese teams (July-October 1960).

A to Isu Razi Pass is the Burmese section of the McMahon Line.

Science

The Importance of Comfort

NIGEL CALDER writes: So much of science is concerned with the very large, the very small or the very dull, that it was a relief to see, at this week's ergonomics conference in London, several hundred people from industry discussing with scientists the petty discomforts and irritations of everyday life. Petty, that is, according to the common way of thinking; but the burden of what the scientists had to say was that the uncomfortable chair, the harassment of noise or glare, the awkward machine or the dull routine can be very costly in efficiency, health and even lives.

Ergonomics is a fancy but useful word meaning the 'anatomical, physiological and psychological study of man in his working environment,' and commonly interpreted as 'fitting the job to the worker.' I think that interpretation is too narrow, but it conveys something of what is intended. Instead of designing an ingenious machine and then inviting the man who has to drive it or operate it to get on with it (or perhaps having actually to select a man who can manage it) the engineer should start by considering the ordinary man, his body and his mind, and designing the machine accordingly. That is the simplest consideration of ergonomics; it may seem utterly trivial, yet there are great areas of industry where nobody seems to bother about such things until a physiologist comes along to point them out.

It is in transport that the nature and importance of ergonomic factors stand out most clearly, because their neglect is the main cause of accidents. The idea of reaction time in braking a car is already impressed on all motorists in the Highway Code; now they should be warned of involuntary mental 'blinks,' brief moments of inattention of which they are unaware. But there are all sorts of other dangers, ranging from illegible road signs to a steering wheel which needs too much pulling or too little, which can be assessed ergonomically. In the air, the pilot's instrument panel must, as speeds increase, give him a much clearer and more direct indication of how the aircraft is performing. And there must be no room for error: too many passengers have died because pilots misread their instruments for this to be dismissed as human carelessness. If the much-vaunted supersonic airliner is not to finish up on the scrap-heap, its design must start from ergonomic considerations of what the passengers will put up with and how surely the pilot can react in an emergency.

For most of industry, however, the greatest ergonomic challenge comes from the advance towards comprehensive mechanisation and automatic control. The ergonomic scientist is the worker's best ally against the robots which, necessary as they are, threaten to make his life a misery. The whole question of skill and the changeover from one kind of skill to another as new processes come into the factories, falls decidedly within the compass of ergonomics – although there is still far more research on the capabilities of robots than on the capabilities of man. The engineer who has to design the semi-automatic processes in which the man is a part of the 'feedback loop,' ought to know how men work as surely as he understands electronic circuits or cutting tools. And the ergonomic scientist should be leaning over the production engineer's shoulder to see that the workers in automatic plants will be neither bewildered by too many signals flashing at him, nor bored by too few.

Ergonomics is not a new idea, any more than automation is. But it is a rallying point for those scientists who now have something to contribute to the working life beyond the development of new techniques and processes. They do not regard themselves as fighting a battle on behalf of the trade unions, and they resist most strenuously any suggestion that they are featherbedding the worker. Their concern is chiefly to establish a harmony between the things that make a human being efficient and the things that make industry efficient by further enlightenment of management's self-interest. Still, not much imagination is needed to see that, if ergonomics catches on (and stays respectable), life must grow much pleasanter for everyone, and the social unheavals predicted as coming in the train of automation need never happen.

The Road to Trust

THE RT HON. GEORGE BROWN MP

From all sides, and within, the Labour Party is being exhorted to settle the defence argument with a 'show-down'. Nothing the least bit ambiguous must be done. At whatever cost to our unity and our ability to work together to get the Tories out and begin again creating a society on our own pattern, we must insist on a Yes or No vote on the immediate defence issues.

You'd think that all political history was one long story of parties bravely facing complicated decisions and splitting up rather than of compromise. What damned nonsense it all is. I can understand the Tories trying it on. But I'm hanged if I understand our own people – and some of them in very distinguished places indeed – falling for it.

If the idea is that, on the morning after we've split ourselves on this issue, the newspapers will all come out with friendly and admiring stories commending Labour to the people, we can think again. Folk will simply be told that this is one more – perhaps the final – bit of evidence to show our utter incapacity to govern. And, being in pieces, we shall find that hard to deny!

So I make no apologies for trying to fashion an end to the defence debate which will enable as many of us as possible to vote together and bring this argument to a close without the lasting bitternesses which German rearmament left behind to bedevil all subsequent discussions.

Let's see where we are and then we can examine the possibility of agreement. Clearly we can't get agreement on a policy which calls for unilateral disarmament by Britain or for us to leave our alliances. I'm not here discussing the merits of such a policy. Merely contending that there is neither a majority for such a view nor any chance of those who oppose it compromising on it. Therefore any clear-cut resolutions proposing this at Conference must be opposed and the issue faced squarely. If carried, they would be incompatible with the Executive's policy statement, and an open disagreement between the new official policy and many of us who have hitherto held responsibility in the party would be inescapable.

But if such clear-cut resolutions are defeated, a very different state of affairs exists. It won't follow that everybody will then turn to the official policy with the same degree of enthusiasm – or should be required to do so. For some of us it represents a realistic and sane defence policy, which we can justify in the light of the facts of life today. Others will have reservations about *that*, but will see it with some sense of relief, because the nuclear emphasis in it is now much less and because it proposes so clearly that Britain herself should cease trying to be a nuclear-weapon power.

In other words, for some of us it is the 'right' policy, but for others the most they can be asked to say is that it is a bit nearer to what they consider 'right'. It is my firm conviction that a strong and imaginative leadership would realise that and build on it.

I have campaigned as hard as I could for the policy because I believe it to be right. But both when we were writing it, and in the campaign for it, I have kept in mind the situation of those who couldn't see it as I do. To them I have said 'OK, let's agree that we hold different views on aspects of this. The new statement, which I am prepared to accept on the facts, does in practice mean that the gap between us is narrower. Can't *you* at least accept that that is as far as we can go *together* at this moment? I can justify it from my point of view and you can go on arguing for more changes. Defence policy after all can never be static in such a vastly changing world scene: so there never will be a year in which "we get the argument over and done with". Why don't we therefore just get as many of us as possible to *accept* the policy – without ramming it down anyone's throat by insisting that no other views can be expressed as well?'

This is why I sought to suggest to the National Executive that the resolution of the Transport and General Workers should not be opposed by the platform if Conference wants to carry it. Its terms are *not* a flat contradiction of the official statement. Indeed I can and will, as a delegate to Conference, vote for it. Its major point is the rejection of a defence policy *based* on the threat to use nuclear weapons – an attitude which is fully in harmony with the official policy statement. No thoughtful man today believes that a rational defence policy can be *based* on the threat to use nuclear weapons. It is absolutely clear that the only *effective* defence policy today is complete and general disarmament. The world cannot go on relying on the mutual threat of anihilation if we want to get real and lasting security. We who wrote the Labour Party document were unable to go on to say that nuclear weapons should therefore be totally discarded. That didn't seem to us necessarily to follow, and we accepted that there are powerful arguments forcing us to say that a nuclear element in the defence armoury and strategy of the west simply must remain in present circumstances.

I am, of course, well aware that Frank Cousins doesn't see the case for retaining nuclear weapons as I do. And I'm clear that he will go on arguing with me about it and trying to get me to change my mind. But why ever not? That's how democrats do things!

That's not a case for opposing the resolution he's moving if its terms are in fact acceptable. And I repeat: they are not a problem for me or, I believe, for anybody who supports the defence statement.

So I appeal first to the National Executive. Present our policy statement to the Conference clearly and firmly and ask for its endorsement. And make it quite clear that any specifically unilateral disarmament resolution must be rejected as being flatly incompatible with it. But be quite prepared to let the T & GW resolution be carried if Conference wishes, since its terms are, in fact, not contradictory. And by doing this make possible the broadest-based acceptance of the policy document.

And then I appeal to the T & GW delegation. In return, accept the policy statement as well as pressing your own resolution. You will be able to go on urging further changes if you feel them justified. And I hope none of us will ever be so pig-headed as to be unwilling to debate such matters. But you will, of course, expect me to go on resisting so long

Exclusive picture of Mr Gaitskell holding his head above troubled waters, while standing firmly on his principles to reach a clear decision in a flexible position of rigid equipoise.

these are problems which are going to create trouble between councils and tenants in the immediate future. What makes this last question especially thorny is the fact that nowadays only one in six families moving into new LCC houses are taken from council waiting lists. The rest move because their homes are demolished in clearance schemes, and frequently are not hardship cases in the usual sense. Differential rents may be justified to meet this situation. But what is a fair rent? One-eighth of income as in Lambeth? Or one-fifth, as in St Pancras? And how long is the government prepared to wash its hands of the social results of high interest rates and little planning?

Burma

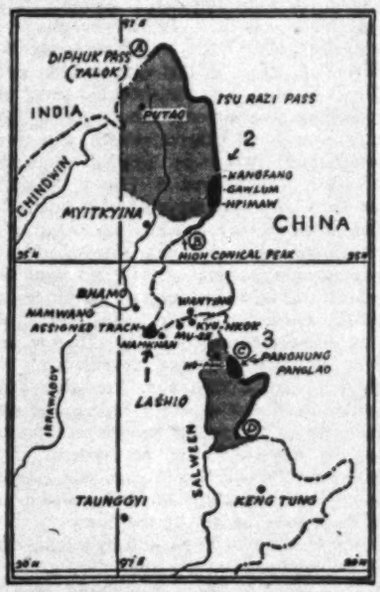
A Frontier at Last

DOROTHY WOODMAN *writes:* One Asian Prime Minister who will not be in New York this weekend is U Nu. He will be in Peking, and with him General Ne Win and the largest number of Burmese – cultural, military and commercial – ever to have been abroad at one and the same time. U Nu and Chou En-lia will put their signatures to a border treaty drawn up by joint Sino-Burmese survey teams to implement the agreement which Ne Win, the then Prime Minister, signed with Chou En-lai last January. The two countries are treating the occasion as auspicious; the Burmese government is presenting 2,000 tons of rice and 1,000 tons of salt to about a million Chinese living near the boundary, and the Chinese government are presenting to the million and a quarter Burmese in the same area 2.4 million metres of printed cloth and 600,000 porcelain plates. The two survey teams will play soccer matches before the vast crowds congregated in Peking for the 11th anniversary of the Chinese People's Republic.

Not all the boundary pillars will have been erected when the two Prime Ministers sign their treaty, but most of the sites will have been selected by joint Sino-Burmese survey teams, working along the 380 miles of undemarcated northern border (A to B on map) as well as 180 miles of border – demarcated but unrecognised by China – on Wa State (C to D on map). Some hundreds of security troops and carriers, 4,000 mules and 600 Burmese surveyors have been involved. Most of the survey was carried out on foot, often in torrential rains. North of Putao lay Burma's icy mountains, known to few except explorers like the late Frank Kingdon-Ward, and south lay virgin jungle with scarcely a mule-track. This part of the frontier, down to Isu Razi Pass, was the McMahon Line.

The fixing of boundary pillars along the watershed between the Salween and the N'Maikha will give Burma the first fixed boundary it has ever had with its Chinese neighbour. It also ends the anxious speculation about Chinese intentions over the large areas which were marked as Chinese territory on official maps and in school geographies (see map). This was the issue which prompted U Nu to raise the boundary problem with Chou En-lai at the end of 1954. But the moment was inopportune, and the question came to a head some months later when Chinese troops crossed over the border in several places, especially in the Wa State. This incident came as a shock to the Bandung powers, many leaders of which pointed out to Chou En-lai that this was a most unhappy example to set to the cold-warring states of the non-Bandung world. At Mr Nehru's suggestion (the Chinese had not at that time invaded Indian territory) U Nu was invited to Peking and negotiations began at the end of 1956, which by zig-zag paths have led to the jollifications in Peking this weekend. Considering the long and involved history of the Sino-Burmese boundary, U Nu has told parliament, and the fact that the recent negotiations had started where the British had left off, Burmese interests are well served.

The Chinese too have good reason to be satisfied. Not only is the boundary fixed and their prestige enhanced, they also have a non-aggression pact with Burma, signed last January. How much or how little this means, only time can show; but in India and Nepal, which are still having trouble with their Chinese borders, it is legitimately asked whether Peking has not won a potential ally at their expense; whether in fact Burma is still in the group of uncommitted nations.



Shaded areas are those shown as territory of China in Chinese atlases.

Solid areas are those included in Sino-Burmese border agreement 1960.

1 is ceded to Burma.

2 and 3 are ceded to China.

A to B (380 miles) and C to D (180 miles) surveyed by Sino-Burmese teams (July-October 1960).

A to Isu Razi Pass is the Burmese section of the McMahon Line.

Science

The Importance of Comfort

NIGEL CALDER writes: So much of science is concerned with the very large, the very small or the very dull, that it was a relief to see, at this week's ergonomics conference in London, several hundred people from industry discussing with scientists the petty discomforts and irritations of everyday life. Petty, that is, according to the common way of thinking; but the burden of what the scientists had to say was that the uncomfortable chair, the harassment of noise or glare, the awkward machine or the dull routine can be very costly in efficiency, health and even lives.

Ergonomics is a fancy but useful word meaning the 'anatomical, physiological and psychological study of man in his working environment,' and commonly interpreted as 'fitting the job to the worker.' I think that interpretation is too narrow, but it conveys something of what is intended. Instead of designing an ingenious machine and then inviting the man who has to drive it or operate it to get on with it (or perhaps having actually to select a man who can manage it) the engineer should start by considering the ordinary man, his body and his mind, and designing the machine accordingly. That is the simplest consideration of ergonomics; it may seem utterly trivial, yet there are great areas of industry where nobody seems to bother about such things until a physiologist comes along to point them out.

It is in transport that the nature and importance of ergonomic factors stand out most clearly, because their neglect is the main cause of accidents. The idea of reaction time in braking a car is already impressed on all motorists in the Highway Code; now they should be warned of involuntary mental 'blinks,' brief moments of inattention of which they are unaware. But there are all sorts of other dangers, ranging from illegible road signs to a steering wheel which needs too much pulling or too little, which can be assessed ergonomically. In the air, the pilot's instrument panel must, as speeds increase, give him a much clearer and more direct indication of how the aircraft is performing. And there must be no room for error: too many passengers have died because pilots misread their instruments for this to be dismissed as human carelessness. If the much-vaunted supersonic airliner is not to finish up on the scrap-heap, its design must start from ergonomic considerations of what the passengers will put up with and how surely the pilot can react in an emergency.

For most of industry, however, the greatest ergonomic challenge comes from the advance towards comprehensive mechanisation and automatic control. The ergonomic scientist is the worker's best ally against the robots which, necessary as they are, threaten to make his life a misery. The whole question of skill and the changeover from one kind of skill to another as new processes come into the factories, falls decidedly within the compass of ergonomics – although there is still far more research on the capabilities of robots than on the capabilities of man. The engineer who has to design the semi-automatic processes in which the man is a part of the 'feedback loop,' ought to know how men work as surely as he understands electronic circuits or cutting tools. And the ergonomic scientist should be leaning over the production engineer's shoulder to see that the workers in automatic plants will be neither bewildered by too many signals flashing at him, nor bored by too few.

Ergonomics is not a new idea, any more than automation is. But it is a rallying point for those scientists who now have something to contribute to the working life beyond the development of new techniques and processes. They do not regard themselves as fighting a battle on behalf of the trade unions, and they resist most strenuously any suggestion that they are featherbedding the worker. Their concern is chiefly to establish a harmony between the things that make a human being efficient and the things that make industry efficient by further enlightenment of management's self-interest. Still, not much imagination is needed to see that, if ergonomics catches on (and stays respectable), life must grow much pleasanter for everyone, and the social unheavals predicted as coming in the train of automation need never happen.

The Road to Trust

THE RT HON. GEORGE BROWN MP

From all sides, and within, the Labour Party is being exhorted to settle the defence argument with a 'show-down'. Nothing the least bit ambiguous must be done. At whatever cost to our unity and our ability to work together to get the Tories out and begin again creating a society on our own pattern, we must insist on a Yes or No vote on the immediate defence issues.

You'd think that all political history was one long story of parties bravely facing complicated decisions and splitting up rather than of compromise. What damned nonsense it all is. I can understand the Tories trying it on. But I'm hanged if I understand our own people – and some of them in very distinguished places indeed – falling for it.

If the idea is that, on the morning after we've split ourselves on this issue, the newspapers will all come out with friendly and admiring stories commending Labour to the people, we can think again. Folk will simply be told that this is one more – perhaps the final – bit of evidence to show our utter incapacity to govern. And, being in pieces, we shall find that hard to deny!

So I make no apologies for trying to fashion an end to the defence debate which will enable as many of us as possible to vote together and bring this argument to a close without the lasting bitternesses which German rearmament left behind to bedevil all subsequent discussions.

Let's see where we are and then we can examine the possibility of agreement. Clearly we can't get agreement on a policy which calls for unilateral disarmament by Britain or for us to leave our alliances. I'm not here discussing the merits of such a policy. Merely contending that there is neither a majority for such a view nor any chance of those who oppose it compromising on it. Therefore any clear-cut resolutions proposing this at Conference must be opposed and the issue faced squarely. If carried, they would be incompatible with the Executive's policy statement, and an open disagreement between the new official policy and many of us who have hitherto held responsibility in the party would be inescapable.

But if such clear-cut resolutions are defeated, a very different state of affairs exists. It won't follow that everybody will then turn to the official policy with the same degree of enthusiasm – or should be required to do so. For some of us it represents a realistic and sane defence policy, which we can justify in the light of the facts of life today. Others will have reservations about *that*, but will see it with some sense of relief, because the nuclear emphasis in it is now much less and because it proposes so clearly that Britain herself should cease trying to be a nuclear-weapon power.

In other words, for some of us it is the 'right' policy, but for others the most they can be asked to say is that it is a bit nearer to what they consider 'right'. It is my firm conviction that a strong and imaginative leadership would realise that and build on it.

I have campaigned as hard as I could for the policy because I believe it to be right. But both when we were writing it, and in the campaign for it, I have kept in mind the situation of those who couldn't see it as I do. To them I have said 'OK, let's agree that we hold different views on aspects of this. The new statement, which I am prepared to accept on the facts, does in practice mean that the gap between us is narrower. Can't *you* at least accept that that is as far as we can go *together* at this moment? I can justify it from my point of view and you can go on arguing for more changes. Defence policy after all can never be static in such a vastly changing world scene: so there never will be a year in which "we get the argument over and done with". Why don't we therefore just get as many of us as possible to *accept* the policy – without ramming it down anyone's throat by insisting that no other views can be expressed as well?'

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I am, of course, well aware that Frank Cousins doesn't see the case for retaining nuclear weapons as I do. And I'm clear that he will go on arguing with me about it and trying to get me to change my mind. But why ever not? That's how democrats do things!

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Exclusive picture of Mr Gaitskell holding his head above troubled waters, while standing firmly on his principles to reach a clear decision in a flexible position of rigid equipoise.

as I feel such changes to be unjustified. Meanwhile we can all stand on a policy which to me is justifiable on the facts and to you is acceptable because it comes nearer what you want. And we keep the movement intact and retain our comradeship.

I can see nothing wrong with that at all. It staggers me that anyone should be so unwilling even to consider it. At one of our parliamentary party meetings I said 'our trouble isn't a defence crisis. What we have is a crisis of confidence'. That remains true. Things are being rejected not on their merits but because *trust* is lacking.

Conference can go a long way towards putting that right by acting in the way I suggest. It will then be up to us to use the new atmosphere in order to fashion a better understanding and a truer comradeship among us. Whatever our disagreements on particular issues of great complexity we are, after all, still comrades in a great cause. The achievement of a Socialist society, whose standards and values will be so superior to the wretched world in which we live today, is surely a sufficiently great and positive ideal. Let us pledge ourselves that from here on, whenever we lose patience with each other on important but nevertheless transient issues, we will stop and recall our major purpose.

London Diary

CRITIC

Most of the UN delegates rallied, I am glad to say, to Hammarskjold who has done all that is humanly possible to combine initiative with impartiality. The weakness has been in the Congo itself; much of it has been due to General Van Horn's interpretation of the Security Council's mandate. Nkrumah, I thought, got this point exactly right in his Assembly speech which needs reading as a whole. He said that he regarded the UN as the only organisation 'that holds out any hope for the future of mankind', but that if it was asked to go to the assistance of any country, its job could not be 'at one and the same time to preserve law and order and to be neutral between the legal authorities and the law breakers'. In short, someone must be accepted as the potential government if there is to be law and order. General Van Horn seems to have interpreted his job as keeping contestants apart; he has assumed a civil war and has attempted, as it were, to get in between them. General Alexander, on the other hand, holds that a mandate to secure law and order means stopping trouble and, if necessary, even killing someone. I well understand General Van Horn's difficulty, one that must particularly bother the representative of a country with a strong neutralist tradition. But I agree with Nkrumah that a mandate to restore law and order must mean what it says.

* * *

Three unilateralists in one by-election! Unless the Liberal Colonel Lort-Phillips decides to withdraw, this looks like being the prospect at Ebbw Vale in November. And even the Tory is a Bow Group man. But pleasure at Michael Foot's nomination should not be spoiled by thinking, as some newspapers have implied, that it was his fame or his friendship with Aneurin Bevan that was the chief reason for his election. I gather that the first question the seven candidates were asked when they presented themselves last Saturday to the local management committee, was whether they were for or against the bomb. The second question was about Clause Four. The two candidates who were most strongly against the first and in favour of the second were Michael Foot and Gordon Parry. Foot came first, and Parry second – a forecast made in this journal last week. So the party caucus in that steel constituency clearly has no time for revisionism – thus with no argument about the bomb, the votes will show how far the rank and file is 'fundamentalist'.

* * *

In West Germany last week I discussed with a variety of people the *Guardian's* proposal for ending the dangerous anomaly of Berlin. I met no one who was prepared to say that the advantages of building a new capital in territory ceded by the Russians would outweigh the psychological damage which would be done by a retreat from Berlin, even if it enabled all anti-Communist West Berliners to move bag and baggage, factories and shops, to the new city. But the *Guardian* rightly said that their articles started people talking about an issue which is so uncomfortable that it is usually shirked. It is foolish commentators over here who denounce any suggested change in Berlin as irresponsible appeasement. The criticism of the wiser heads is that Berlin can only be dealt with in a package deal; the lamentable failure was not following up the various 'disengagement' suggestions that were put forward not only by the Left, but also by Eden, Gaitskell and Macmillan. It was Adenauer and the Pentagon who prevented serious discussion of a neutralised zone in Germany and, worst of all, brushed aside the promising Rapacki plan. Now that the German rearmers have got the bit between their teeth and the Social Democrats are even closer to the CDU than our official Labour Party is to the Tories, the problem is much more difficult. People pretend to feel safe by saying that the Communists will do nothing overt in Berlin because it would mean world war, trying to forget that the most likely threat to the liberties of the people of West Berlin is what Willy Brandt calls the 'salami' policy, that is the East German policy of 'nibbling'. Will these armchair warriors, who are apparently shocked at any proposal to meet this threat, advocate annihilation if Ulbricht commits another bit of illegal encroachment in Berlin?

* * *

If you are a guest in Hamburg your host will probably take you as a matter of routine hospitality to the less respectable part of the city. In particular you will visit two streets called, respectively, the Greater Freedom and the Lesser Freedom. Originally they won their titles, I am told, in the days when craftsmen were allowed to ply their trades there without being members of one of the monopolistic medieval guilds. Today, as you stroll along these streets, you are likely to interpret Freedom in the American sense of 'wide-open'. We have nothing quite so wide-open in this country. These streets are lined with dance halls, cabarets and clip joints which offer every kind of nudist attraction, including 'women wrestling in mud'. These erotic delights are frankly advertised in placards and handbills which touts press into the hands of passers-by. There are also little show windows with less exciting photographs. The Hamburg Council, I am told, censors these photographs lest children, having somehow avoided contamination from the touts, tarts and garish posters, should somehow be corrupted by peering into the windows.

In the side streets there are other windows into which they are supposed not to peer. There are even barriers which children are forbidden to pass. One blushing American, recently guided there by a hospitable Hamburger, was, they say, so shocked by what he saw that he was prostrated for several days. Much of this brothel area has been pulled down, but there are still two streets in which the bedrooms in the upper floor of the houses are shuttered while the lower floors have large windows behind each of which sits a half-nude girl offering her wares for sale. A few of them wear specialist uniforms; I noted three large and ferocious-looking women who wore little except high, black, lace-up boots. Youths stroll up and down the streets, some just window shopping, and others discuss terms with a chosen girl who readily opens the window if they appear seriously interested. At one window I saw a Danish boy and some friends arguing with a girl; they wanted a Lesbian cabaret show laid on for them, but thought 20 marks too expensive. After that I passed through the street to a large square. It was packed with people who were being offered a third interpretation of the Greater and Lesser Freedoms. Billy Graham was explaining that the Greater Freedom is freedom from sin.

* * *

Billy Graham's meetings are admirably stage-managed. Arc lights round the square dazzled the eyes if any of the 10,000 spectators looked away from his well-groomed, gesticulating figure on the rostrum. Loudspeakers made every word audible to every listener. Billy Graham's technique overcomes the language barrier. An interpreter stands by his side and echoes each sentence as it is uttered. The effect is not that of a speech interrupted by translation, but of a speech consisting entirely of slogans, each twice repeated. His message is simple and forcibly, emotionally, delivered. He was holding his meeting in a sinful area. All of us are sinners. Jesus came to save us. A street near by is called the Street of the Holy Spirit. It was the Holy Spirit which put Jesus into the womb of Mary. This miracle was performed for the salvation of each of us. Without his aid we are in the bondage of sin. He offers us freedom through repentance. Determine to sin no more. Go to church tomorrow. There the gospel ended at this meeting, but I am told that much larger numbers attend his gatherings in a vast marquee elsewhere in the town, and that those who come forward to confess their sins are numerous and that each case is followed up by pastors in the Protestant churches. Such passing waves of evangelism are not in any way new. I heard an interesting discussion afterwards between two highly sophisticated Hamburg citizens. One said that German youth has nothing to believe in and that he welcomed Billy Graham as well as MRA, not because he believed a word of it, but because it was good that the younger generation should be offered a faith of some sort. His friend disagreed. Experience of the Thirties had made him detest all emotional appeals; he feared that the younger generation might more readily listen to other emotional, perhaps political, orators. He could never forget how they made way for Hitler. He may well have had in mind the case of William S. Schlamm, another Austrian by birth, an ex-Communist and ex-McCarthyite from America, who only last winter began an hysterical 'roll-back' campaign in German universities and met with too much response.

OIL'S NEW GEOLOGY

Geologists in the service of oil have added much to their science. Their concept of the sedimentary or "oil" basin stretching across the continents is resulting today in important discoveries like those in the Sahara. Sedimentology is the study of the sediments in the basins to determine where the oil was formed, where it has migrated and accumulated. Sedimentology involves the study of contemporary deposits (muds, silts and sands laid down off-shore or at sea) as a guide to conditions in geological time. Palynology, the study of the spores of fossil plants and their distribution, is another novel approach.
The petroleum industry joins British universities in speeding research to help the discovery of tomorrow's oil.

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Six-foot, soft-spoken Mr Payne – now £7 7s. a week butler to Sir Roland Robinson, MP – went on: 'I'm having a terrible struggle to keep up my wife's maintenance payments and maintain my own high standard of living.

'I have a twelve-shilling hair-cut once a fortnight, and I use a very expensive toilet water – the same, in fact, as Mr Antony Armstrong-Jones. It costs 14s. 6d. for a tiny bottle.

'Princess Margaret – she was so sweet to me, she always called me John – used to give an appreciative sniff when I was around.' – *Daily Mirror*. (M. Ford.)

Five young men who made a 5,300-mile journey to Moscow and back, in a 1933 Rolls-Royce car, arrived back in London yesterday. Their only mishaps were two punctures when they were travelling near the Arctic Circle.

They said that Russian petrol, costing the equivalent of 2s. 6d. a gallon was 'rather smelly stuff, but it worked.' They deplored the lack of night-life, and said that Russians seemed to spend their spare time reading good books. – *Daily Telegraph*. (A. D. Ridge.)

Two examples of particularly odd behaviour were noticed in Edinburgh recently – the man who brought a large box of chocolates to the Verdi 'Requiem', and the man who, having exhausted his expressions of boredom during a piano recital by sighs, groans, etc., then read an old copy of the NEW STATESMAN. – Letter in *Scotsman*. (G. F. Baird.)

The End of Tobacco Road

The imminent publication of the Monckton Report confronts Sir Roy Welensky with the reality of a dilemma which he has so far, with a dazzling combination of nerve, finesse and bluff, managed to evade. Shall he give himself, as federal Prime Minister, at least a chance of keeping the African revolution for a few more years within the bounds of a modified white supremacy by sailing some way with the wind of change? If he tries to, the probability is that he will lose the white electoral support upon which his office depends. Or shall he ensure his continuance in office by playing Colonel Blimp, to the applause of the settlers, and so sacrificing his last hope of influencing the great events which are already beginning to shape the institutions and the boundaries of Africa of the future?

In his heart Welensky is probably ambivalent about African advance. On the one hand he is capable of close relations, even friendship, with a few Africans whom he knows personally and accepts as the near equals of white men. On the other he is genuinely incapable of believing that the African masses can be fit to share power on equal terms with the settlers for generations ahead. He is the prime example of the Personally-I-like-them-but-of-course-they're-only-children school. But if he is ambivalent about Africans, he is single-minded about power. Though he owes his position largely to the comparatively new artisan influence in Northern Rhodesia, he gives allegiance to nobody but himself. He loves power and his policy is to retain it.

Roland Welensky ('Roy' is a nickname he has carried since childhood) was born in 1907, a 'poor white' of the Pioneer Street district, then the 'Tobacco Road' of Salisbury. His father was a Polish Jew his mother Afrikaans, his family only just above the bread line. They moved down to South Africa before he could walk, but returned, indigent as ever, to Salisbury when he was seven. His father took to keeping a flop-house for the sorriest kind of European bums, who seldom paid and regaled themselves with talk of capturing Natives and hanging them on the spot.

Such were the earliest, formative years of the man destined to carry the ambiguous banner of 'partnership' in an experimental multi-racial state sandwiched between triumphant black nationalism on top, and desperate, defiant white *baasskap* below. Having reached Standard Four in Primary school, too low an educational qualification to entitle an African automatically to the vote today, at the age of 14 he was cast loose upon an unwelcoming world to do the best he could. Non-European labour was already a threat to the livelihood of many an unskilled white. After a number of nomad jobs, he joined Rhodesia Railways in Bulawayo, took up professional prizefighting to augment his wages and became the Rhodesian heavyweight champion, mainly by default. He defended his title successfully once, and was then knocked out by a South African boxer of an altogether higher grade – with himself and his second both claiming it was a foul blow.

The great depression of the Thirties reached Northern Rhodesia at about the same time as Welensky. There was bitter poverty, with hundreds of Afrikaner and thousands of African unemployed competing ruthlessly for almost any sort of job. Here, perhaps inevitably and irretrievably, were established two of the most important threads in his socio-political creed. First, the concept of the African as the European's inveterate and inferior competitor.

Second is his conviction of the paramountcy of 'economic man'. Fill a man's belly and he won't bother about political and social rights. The Nyasas, the real people that is to say, should be grateful for the million or two the Federation has added to their budget: if they are good boys, and recognise that federation is best for them, they will get more. While Macmillan in Africa at the beginning of this year was stressing the cardinal importance of the sudden great upsurge of African nationalism, Welensky was dismissing it over the air in Salisbury as 'poppycock'. Since then he has referred to the nationalists of Northern Rhodesia as 'thugs' and 'bullies'. More recently he laid the main 'blame' for Congolese independence on the catastrophic fall in the price of copper. He has often recommended price-stabilisation of African primary products as a means of averting political instability.

Welensky cut his political milk-teeth in a very tough nursery as a railway union leader at Broken Hill. Forming his own Labour

Party after the war, with the declared policy of protecting the white artisan against black encroachment, he gained virtual control of the Northern Rhodesian Legislative Council, adroitly exercising it from a back bench without the embarrassment of a ministerial portfolio. It was during this period that he opposed the introduction of an African member to the Northern Rhodesian parliament and announced that white paramountcy would prevail even beyond 'the foreseeable future'. He developed an ingratiating public charm and an ability to seem all things to most white men. To Afrikaners he spoke of his maternal blood – they called him 'Oom Roy' at the time of his knighthood. On appropriate occasions, and in full view of the camera, he donned his engine-driver's cap and recalled his trade union background. He was particularly solicitous with the press. Though he had seldom visited the UK, he called it 'home'; while on his disastrous tour of Nyasaland in 1957, he told the Nyasas he was as much an African as they.

It was in 1948 that Welensky was converted to the federal idea. Hitherto he had been a perfervid advocate of amalgamation between the two Rhodesias, with a single central government free from Colonial Office interference. On a London visit he discovered that it was not only Creech-Jones, the Labour Colonial Secretary, who was unwilling to 'hand over the destinies of several million Africans to a handful of Europeans'. Oliver Stanley told him that this was also the view of the Tories and suggested a federal structure as the way out. Welensky caught on and sold the plan to Lord Malvern, the 'permanent' Prime Minister of Southern Rhodesia and also a strong amalgamationist. So they settled for the best they could get, which at any rate would include the rich copper revenues of Northern Rhodesia – and ensure the political succession for Welensky.

His obsession with personal power may have helped him to convince himself that he is a second Rhodes destined to lead his country in a major civilising mission. Public functions will often find him, jaw defiantly cocked, staring into space as if in search of lost horizons. At other less guarded moments one catches a glimpse of the underprivileged poor white, still insecure, surprised at his success: 'Coo, look at me getting away with it!' It must be admitted, moreover, that these unguarded glimpses show a man of considerable personal charm and an engaging raffishness which can captivate – and so embarrass – even his political opponents. In a country where divorce is highly fashionable, his home life is a model of conventional domesticity. He is a devoted husband and grandfather. Week-ends are spent gardening in braces and blue dungarees. His jokes are earthy. He drinks copious cups of tea. For old personal friends he feels an almost superstitious loyalty. A self-made man and proud of his maker, he is touchy and highly susceptible to flattery.

On the whole the federal compromise has suited Welensky well. It has allowed him to drum up settler support and to stave off the Dominion Party's threat from the far right with the presumptuous promise of complete independence and dominion status as the immediate prize of the scheduled constitutional review. Above all, it has enabled him to off-load much of the odium attached to rapidly deteriorating race relations in the Federation on to the individual territorial governments, since constitutionally it is they who are responsible for the conduct of Native affairs.

In the case of Southern Rhodesia this convenient get-out is especially suspect, and at times ridiculous. The federal and territorial governments lie cheek-by-jowl in Salisbury and are the Siamese twins of the same United Federal Party. Indeed, when Welensky did not like some of the proposals for a new Northern Rhodesian franchise in 1958, he quickly forgot that they were 'purely a territorial matter' and rushed off to London to protest.

If it is true that the findings of the Monckton Commission have driven Welensky almost beside himself with rage, the reason is clear. The time when you could fool most of the people all the time about Rhodesia is over. From now on 'partnership' (Welensky-style) is exposed as the confidence trick it always was. It is not yet certain that the constituent territories of the present Federation, given democratic self-government, would reject all the advantages to be gained from some sort of loose confederation. What is certain and ironic – and, no doubt, embittering – is that they will never voluntarily adhere to any federal organisation headed by the architect of federation, Roy Welensky.

And Now Nigeria

BASIL DAVIDSON

When Abdulmaliki the Pilgrim rose before a large gathering at the Savoy Hotel last week and said 'We Nigerians strongly believe our country's independence will mark a turning point in the political history of Africa,' he was of course speaking as Nigeria's first High Commissioner in London and could have been forgiven some exaggeration. Yet whatever may happen in Nigeria he was, I think, undoubtedly right. After this Saturday, Black Africa can be said in a very large sense to be 'out on its own' at last.

Though not the largest country in Africa, Nigeria is by far the most populous: on a rough estimate, every sixth African is a Nigerian. If not the richest, Nigeria is probably provided with a wider range of cultivable soils and mineral-bearing subsoils. And while much of this wealth is untapped or uncharted, so that Nigerians today are a good deal poorer than some of their neighbours, the country nevertheless has some acquaintance with modern industry and could rapidly, given the right stimulus and pressure, gain more.

At a time when African states and liberation movements seek national identity – and that means historical identity – Nigeria has another kind of importance for Africa. It contributes a history of social change, state-building, and artistic achievement that is unmatched in brilliance and variety by any other region of the continent. Here are the inheritors of some of the most remarkable of the cultures and civilisations of old Africa. Here, indeed, is the site of the earliest known Iron Age culture of all the lands below the Saharan fringe (beginning, in point of time, only a few hundred years after the onset of the Iron Age in Britain). And from the clay figurines of Nok, moulded more than 2,000 years ago, the line of growth seems to run uninterruptedly, if not yet clearly, to the masterly sculpture of Ife and Benin and on again to art in wood and metal that is still being made in southern Nigeria. In the rust-red cities of the north there are men and women for whom the medieval rulers of Hausa and Bornu are as much a part of living history as any Plantagenet or Capet in England or France. Nigeria is packed with history. All this history will have its influence in winning for Africans the respect that the rest of the world has so long denied them.

Immediately, the great point about Saturday's celebrations will be their peaceful and purely ceremonial character. This is likely to go down in memory as the classic example of imperial transition. The most crusted Tory need not forbear to cheer, and it is, of course, the most striking justification for those in Britain who have long argued – with the NEW STATESMAN, let it be said, honourably in the van – the case for colonial freedom. (I wish, myself, that Noel Brailsford could be in Lagos now: how greatly he would have loved the occasion.) No riots, no threatening pressures, no massacres nor any threats of such: by all the likelihood, palm-wine apart, not even a bloody nose.

That is for today. Piercing the murk of Léopoldville, Lagos lights a beacon of tolerance, confidence, and thorough good sense. Still, it may be useful to ask what comes next. What kind of Nigeria will this be? And will this federal union of many different peoples really stick?

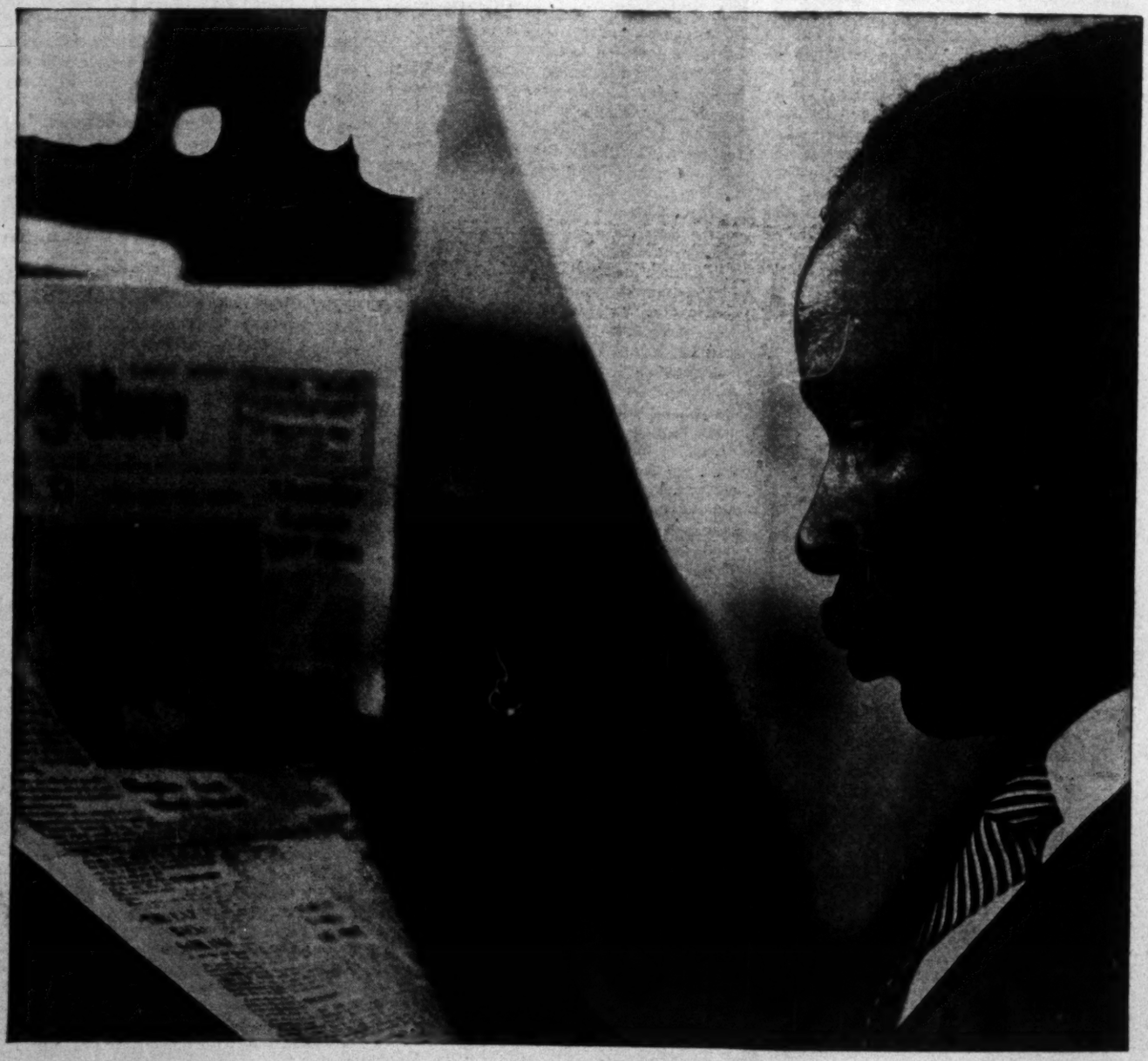
The first thing to notice, looking ahead, is that this is in some respects a very conservative hand-over. British governments may have retreated step by step since the constitution of 1946 (when only four directly-elected Nigerians could sit in Legislative Council); but they have done this without any *active* policy for promoting Nigerian independence. For the most part, they have just let the thing happen. Disconcerting results from this may now be seen in the position of the civil service. A count last June showed no fewer than 1,750 expatriates in top administrative jobs – and everywhere an acute shortage of qualified Nigerians. Here and there the situation was worse than discouraging. Thus the federal government has rightly gone out of its way to build first-class film studios and laboratories at Lagos; yet these fine studios are almost completely idle, so far as one may judge, and staffed without a single Nigerian film technician. An oddly casual way, it would seem, of spending a quarter of a million much-needed Nigerian pounds.

The same is true in more important fields of development. And now one learns that about one-third of senior British staff will take their lump-sum compensation on Independence Day, and make their cottage landfalls in Berkshire or Sussex by next Christmas. This is a much higher proportion than was the case with Ghana in 1957, and makes another crushing condemnation of the lunacy of a lump-sum compensation scheme which actually (and most irresponsibly) encourages the best men to leave. This sudden shortage of experienced administrative staff is bound to cause difficulties which should never have been allowed to arise.

But if this is a conservative kind of hand-over, it is also a very conservative kind of take-over. If Nigerians are not available for responsible jobs in government and the public services, this is partly because leading Nigerians have not, on the whole, shown any great (much less irresistible) pressure to

GOOD NEWS FROM AFRICA

Seven years ago in Central Africa a new nation was born. It had been conceived in the faith that Africans and Europeans could live and work together as partners and that such a partnership would be the surest way to help them all. During those seven years firm footings have been laid for African progress. The Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland is a nation in being. *Let facts have a hearing.*



Let facts have a hearing

Willingly to School

A dramatic feature of the Federation's growth has been an intense African thirst for knowledge, and the bold territorial and Federal expenditure on African education. There are now a million African primary school children in the Federation—an increase of over 50% during this period. More Africans are going on to secondary schools every year, and Federal grants for African university students are particularly generous. The University College of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, sponsored by the Federal Government in 1955, is an independent multi-racial university. An ambitious multi-racial medical school attached to the university is now being planned. It is Federal policy that Africans who can make good use of a higher education shall have it. The more educated Africans the Federation has, the greater will be their contribution to the progress of the country.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE STUDENT *The new University College of Rhodesia and Nyasaland is multi-racial.*

GOOD NEWS FOR THE SICK *More and more new hospitals in the Federation bring African and European nurses to work side by side.*

Partnership against disease

European skill and resources behind the African desire to learn: these are the forces that are making the Federal health service work. In 1953, expenditure on health for the three territories was 4¼ million pounds—by 1960 this had grown to over 9 million pounds. The most modern hospitals, the most advanced equipment for all types of treatment, the whole network of state aid to the sick and injured—they are all at the disposal of the African.

New hope for African farmers

For centuries, Africans have scratched a miserable living from communal land. Long term development and research plans by the territorial and Federal Governments have taught Africans more efficient methods, and farms owned by African freeholders are being established. Animal and tractor-drawn ploughs are replacing primitive hand hoes. Fertilisers are coming into wide use.

African living standards rising

In 1952 the money income of the Africans in Southern Rhodesia, Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland was £46,600,000. By 1959 it had doubled to over £100,000,000. Poverty remains a serious problem in all three territories; but the African who has left a life of subsistence for the modern economy is increasingly in the market for a wide range of foods, clothing and household goods that were formerly beyond his reach. He is rising quickly to the opportunities which the European has brought him.

Efficient administration, a rising standard of living, economic strength and the taking of Africans into the partnership and electorate of a modern state—these are what the Federation is achieving in Central Africa. It appreciates—perhaps more than anyone—how much remains to be done.

FEDERATION OF RHODESIA AND NYASALAND

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insist that Nigerians should be trained, prepared, and given these jobs. Quasi-feudal emirs in the north have understandably dragged their feet: they, after all, have had no good reason for welcoming independence, for they were thoroughly well-established as indirect rulers on their own. Yet even in the two southern regions the slow pace of transition to self-administration has matched in well with the doubts and expectations of chiefs and merchants and politicians whose standing in the *status quo* post-1946 has been increasingly comfortable.

Now this conservative tie-up on both sides has meant a close understanding and sympathy between London and the seats of power in north and south. Both sides have long foreseen and generally agreed on the general lines of transition to independence. Saturday's smooth emergence of the sovereign Dominion of Nigeria is the good part of this. The bad part is that Nigeria, though attaining independence, seems launched on no decisive inward change in its condition.

Yet it is precisely the condition of Nigeria that *must* change. To say this is not to engage in any wild or woolly dreams of revolution. It is simply to say that Nigeria cannot afford to stand still. In this vast land of huge potential but tiny achievement, there can be no stability without movement and no unity without progress. Yet all too clearly, on their record, many of the political and commercial leaders of Nigeria today would be glad enough to rest content with the slow-motion growth of things-as-they-are.

The parties would continue as more or less regional groupings round this or that ethnic majority. The politicians would go on as before – running their own affairs with skill and zest and a splendid sense of humour, but running them along strictly familiar lines. And the businessmen would remain much as they are now – traders who will not, for the most part, prove capable of turning themselves into industrialists or even (in the modern sense) into capitalists. It is just because the Establishment in Nigeria is so firmly rooted in powerful traditions, regional and exclusive, seated on the strong assumptions of remembered history, provoked to action against the colonial British only by the proddings of necessity (though with some exceptions here), that many respectable opinions have long denied Nigeria's ability to stay in one piece.

The answer, therefore, is that much will have to change if this large country is to fulfil its own expectations. But how? In what directions? And here there is a useful indicator in the recent course of Nigerian opinions about federal unity, social change, and Pan-Africanism. Little by little, most leading men have shifted their ground on these important matters. Not long ago it seemed fatally certain that Nigeria must fall apart: today it seems quite probable that Nigeria will not only stay together, but will bind new ties between its regions. The Muslim north no longer looks on secular education with the eye of scorn and suspicion. The Yoruba chiefs no longer stand immovably on tradition. Ministers no longer see in Pan-Africanism – ideas about African unity, African neutrality – the mere machinations of Ghanaian leaders whom they do not like. Or, if they still think these thoughts, they no longer care to talk about them.

Why this shift? I think the answer lies quite simply in the pressures of public opinion. Today the parties face a challenge to make themselves national instead of regional. The politicians find themselves expected to think and talk in all-Nigerian terms. The businessmen discover that their old role of middlemen-with-Europe may soon leave them stranded. New ideas are in the air: above all, a demand for new ideas. These pressures for change – going inevitably towards a greater sense of unity and a stronger central government – are already quite strong, and may soon grow stronger. That is why one may reasonably see this Saturday's event as the prelude, not the consummation, of a change – a change that will really make Nigeria's independence a 'turning point in the political history of Africa.'

The Music of the Saucers

W. JOHN MORGAN

Just down the road men were clearing up the debris of the rent riots. Further along 60,000 cheered on Tottenham Hotspur against Aston Villa. But in the Hotel Russell's Gower Room, festooned for the week-end with replicas of Mother Ships and suspended discs, 150 people, gathered for the first Flying Saucer Convention, listened with closed eyes to a 3,000 year-old Martian, who lives on breath and whose message had been recorded, bring the latest news from the moon. The Martian was Aetherius, the founder of the Aetherius Society, which organised the convention. His accent came from another direction: Mayfair.

The Russians had attempted to land a rocket on the moon, said Aetherius, but his friends had destroyed it and the debris lay covered with space dust: 'a fitting end for that sort of thing, don't you think?' He went on: 'We may allow them to land a rocket on the lunar surface, but no men will ever be allowed'. 'A typical Martian oration', said Mr Mayhew, the Society's vice-president and a solicitor. (He was wearing the society's blazer with its Sanskrit badge meaning God.) 'It has that combination of humour with information not often released to the public'.

Earlier, people from Clitheroe, Barnsley and Fulham had testified to witnessing flying saucers or, speaking generally, Unidentified Flying Objects. Six RAF jets – so the story goes – had pursued one, but their rockets had been defeated, first by the spiritual properties and secondly by the speed of the UFO. A Manchester scientist reminded us that the US 4602 squadron had spent a lot of time and money investigating UFOs in America; and would they do this if there wasn't something in it? He referred to Adamsky – who has met a Venusian – as 'notorious', a judgment none of the audience questioned. He quoted Keyhoe, another UFO expert, as saying that three per cent of objects seen could not be accounted for by the Pentagon, whereas believers among my friends tell me Keyhoe put it as high as five per cent.

I myself neither believe nor disbelieve, all science being equally credible and incredible, and you never know, do you, and if they do come soon, well, I never denied, did I? Remember the Indianapolis affair? The Washington airport incident? Those 56 oceanographers off Trinidad? That UFO in Yorkshire on 21 November 1957, weight 35 lb, diameter 18 inches, containing a 2,000-word message on a copper scroll, which arrived simultaneously with a message in Santiago?

But last week-end science and reason soon gave way to faith. Extra-sensory perception is necessary for the sighting of UFOs: even rarer qualities are required to grasp their importance. At least, one assumes they are rarer, although the evidence seems often to point the other way. To anyone of religious upbringing the tenor of Aetherian teaching will be familiar. The mythological structure; the revivalist imagery; the Fall; the doom-laden prophecies; purity and humility and nonsense: which of us has escaped?

All space is vibrant life, is living; blessed is the galaxy. There are 12 blessings stemming from Aetherius: 'an extension of the Sermon on the Mount', said Mr Mayhew. 'Whether you accept it or not I can't help', he continued, 'but this happens to be the truth'. In a few years would come the cosmic initiation of Mother Earth; and the time would come when we, being believers presumably, would be transported to the furthermost part of the galaxy, where there is no disease or old age and where all seasons are as one.

But if we don't change our ways Earth will tilt by 79 degrees and the poles move to the equator. For a while the water masses will remain, but they, too, will move, with 'great loss of humanoid life'. The United Kingdom will be preserved because it has nine holy mountains (unspecified) which have been spiritually charged as a result of the devotion of members. Believers, at the imminent last trump, will reach the golden millenium; for the rest, they will go to a younger planet.

A message was then played on the Grundig from Mars Sector Six which began: 'Sector Six reporting from orbital Number Two. *Relationship*: Mars. *Subject*: Demand the Truth. O Brothers of Earth you must demand the truth from your governments'. His style was Churchillian. There was stridulation, briefly, before he began, and what seemed to be the sound of an earth lorry passing during the recording.

The next message was delivered by the Master Jesus. According to an Aetherius publication, the Star of Bethlehem was a space vehicle capable of 'complicated metaphysical operations', the 'result of which was the Immaculate Conception of Jesus'. The audience closed their eyes during the message; some held their hands palm upwards. The voice spoke very slowly in an incantatory style. 'There are those who dream of peace. O friends, keep this dream within your hearts for it shall come to pass . . . Lovers of peace will see your dream brought into wondrous manifestation upon this earth . . .' After the message Mr Mayhew commented: 'Every time the Voice is played, great energy is released'. From the voice, too, come 'love emanations'.

The society is five years old and has its origins in a command which its Earth-founder George King was given 'in his flat in London's teeming West End', on a Saturday morning early in May 1954: 'Prepare yourself! You are to become the voice of interplanetary parliament'. King, who claims clairvoyant and healing powers, was not at the meeting; but in California, where the society, according to Mr Mayhew, has thousands of members. 'We have more in

VAN GOGH

A STRANGE LIFE STORY

To millions of people all over the world, Van Gogh *is* modern art, and around his tragic and sensational life, and his death by his own hand in 1890, many legends have grown. Not all these legends can be justified; and they have given rise to a false image of one of the most humane and intelligent men who ever became a great painter.

Early in October an exhibition of self-portraits by Van Gogh will be opened in London at the new premises of the Marlborough Fine Arts; and to mark the occasion THE SUNDAY TIMES Art Critic, John Russell, has made a re-examination of the life and personality of Van Gogh. Entitled "Van Gogh: The Last Self Portrait", and based primarily on Van Gogh's own letters and on first-hand investigation in Holland and France, his articles give an authentic portrait of the great painter who was also a great human being. The first will appear next Sunday in the

SUNDAY TIMES

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America than the rest of the world put together'. At the meeting half the members, I should say, were under 40 years of age. Each had paid 7s. 6d. entry fee: contributions to the funds may be any sum you can afford. 'The day will come when the society will be revered' said Mr Mayhew. But, of course, there are many people who see UFOs who prefer not to belong to the Aetherians; indeed some will have nothing to do with them.

Myself, after sitting in the lounge for a while taking tea with people who believed in the message, I went out into the sunlight of Russell Square free, at the week-end, of exhaust fumes. The anti-H-bomb marchers would soon be arriving from Edinburgh. The evening newspaper bills demanded: Russian in Space?

THE ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

The Ring Returned

DAVID DREW

The first of Covent Garden's two performances of the *Ring* cycle will be completed this Friday, and on the evidence of three-quarters of the tetralogy, the enterprise has seldom amounted to more than a formal gesture of homage to the great ritual. Hans Hotter's Wotan in *Die Walküre* provided the one truly outstanding musical and dramatic experience. His Wanderer in Siegfried was not so consistently fine, though at certain moments – notably the Erda scene and the final encounter with Siegfried – Hotter fully matched the stature of his earlier performance. It has been rightly commented that Hotter not only enthralls his audience, but also his fellow singers. The superbly authoritative phrase and tone afford an example to which no singer can remain entirely insensitive. Certainly Sieglinde (Amy Shuard) gave her best when confronted with this magisterial Wotan. Would that his influence remained as powerful in his absence. The first act of *Die Walküre*, whose structure and content should open up a new world of achievement after *Das Rheingold*, was intolerably lifeless apart from the brief intrusions of David Ward's Hunding. Wolfgang Windgassen's Siegmund boded ill for his Siegfried in the succeeding drama of the cycle; and indeed the hopes of regeneration which were later aroused by the opening bars of Siegfried's music were all too soon dispelled.

That Windgassen should have been in such unhappy form on this occasion has indeed proved a crippling blow to the Cycle. The vagaries of intonation would not in themselves be sufficient to condemn the performance, did they not seem to reflect a more fundamental lack of concern for the assertion and shaping of a phrase. There were times in *Siegfried* when the ear became so weary of the effort to distinguish and assimilate the vocal line as a coherent statement that one willingly abdicated one's musical responsibilties and listened merely to the orchestra. In the final scene Windgassen rallied somewhat, and gave some support to the very able Brunnhilde of Margaret Harshaw.

Amongst the important subsidiary roles, Richard Holm repeats his extremely agile and intelligent Loge of last year, but is in danger of allowing his already very pointed rhythmic declamation to intensify into mannerism. The role is too easily betrayed by imposed affectation, since affectation is already one of its inherent and expressive qualities. In *Siegfried*, Gerhard Stolze develops his Mime into something which histrionically is often quite remarkable. From this point of view it is precisely the Mime Wagner asked for. But in giving his dramatic sense full play and in exploiting a wide range of vocal colour, Stolze should beware lest the simplest demands of musicality are overwhelmed by dramatic lit[illegible]lness. To make a literally unpleasant sound is not a musical way of conveying an unpleasant characteristic. But Herr Stolze's admirably cantabile treatment of such things as 'Als zulendes Kind' shows what he is capable of.

Rudolf Kempe's conducting has obviously to some extent been governed by the limitations of certain of his singers, but with *Das Rheingold* he achieved an excellent performance, much superior to anything that followed. When the final galaxy of D flat was reached, one felt for once that one could happily stay on, far into the night, for a performance of *Die Walküre*. But if it had been the *Walküre* we were later offered, the last train would willingly and mercifully have been caught. One hopes for better in the second cycle.

* * *

The death of the distinguished composer Matyas Seiber in a car accident earlier this week deprives us most tragically of a much valued figure in our musical life. Since he settled in this country in 1935 he has written many fine works and been a constant source of encouragement and advice for young composers and musicians. Indeed, by his teaching he was in no small measure responsible for the shaping of the post-war generation of English composers, a generation that has responded perhaps more selectively than before to musical developments on the Continent since the Schoenbergian revolution. With his cultural background and training, Seiber brought to England much that is relevant to our problems. From his native Hungary he inherited a critical awareness of folk - music, folk - melos, which remained evident in all his work, however advanced in technique. From his period in Frankfurt both as a teacher and as a chamber-music performer he brought an intense professionalism and an understanding of the practical problems of musicianship.

As a creative artist he thought of himself chiefly as a composer of chamber-music and he will be especially remembered for that – for the two admirable violin works, for the three quartets (ensembles of modest accomplishment should not forget the charming first quartet), and for several other pieces for various ensembles. Of the compositions on a larger scale, the cantata *Ulysses*, the unjustly neglected *Fantasia Concertante*, and the Elegy for Viola and Small Orchestra particularly deserve attention. By a sad coincidence, Decca have only this month issued a record sponsored by the British Council and including his Elegy and his Chamber Cantata, Three Fragments from "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young man" (LXT 5588). This makes a suitable initial memorial for an artist of great integrity; but his true memorial will go far beyond that.

The Live and the Living

JEREMY BROOKS

The week's new productions in the 'live' theatre have made me wonder how, when entertainment of such mind-dissolving tedium as this is the accepted norm of the West End stage, I should have dared to breath one word of criticism against the recent offerings from Messrs Wesker, Waterhouse, Bolt, Arden, and Miss Delaney. Single lines from any of these authors carry more weight than a whole scene of *Horses in Midstream* (Vaudeville) and a single joke by Mr Arden or Miss Delaney is funnier than anything achieved by a stageful of hardworking princesses in *Once Upon A Mattress* (Adelphi). Andrew Rosenthal's play at the Vaudeville, moving with the speed and certainty of a blind tortoise, propounds the theory that two love-situations which are not alike, are different. The musical comedy at the Adelphi is a 'contemporary' variation of the old Princess and the Pea story. In the face of tuneless music, hopelessly dull lyrics, and tired jokes the act of staying awake became a physical labour: both cast and audience seemed like a cageful of mindless zombies caught up in some meaningless but compulsive ritual, with no one having the will-power to cry 'Stop!'

For a living, as opposed to a 'live' play, I had to turn to the black box in the corner of the living room. Sunday night's performance of John Whiting's new play, *A Walk in the Desert*, was the first of the BBC's new Sunday series of 'Twenty First Nights', which will include new plays by Michael Voysey, Elaine Morgan, Alun Owen, John Osborne and Leo Lehman.

If the rest of the plays are anywhere near the standard set by the first one it will be a fruitful 20 weeks indeed. Mr Whiting's play is not an adaptation of a stage idea: it is very doubtful, in fact, whether it would work at all on the stage. The physical facts of the theatre separate the audience from the actor to an extent which imposes on the playwright the obligation to state, or positively imply, his meanings through speech or action. He cannot, as the television scriptwriter can, *suggest* half of his meaning, and leave it to the actor to express the other half through subtleties of expression or intonation. Mr Whiting has taken advantage of this, and it makes his play a very difficult one to write about, for, in literary terms, it is only half there.

Peter, the central character, was disabled in a car accident while doing his National Service. Though quite able to get about, he has made no attempt to come to terms with his disability, and apparently spends most of his time lying around in his parents' well-appointed house, brooding bitterly on his fate. He has no friends of his own age, and cannot make any real contact with Tony, the one friend who regularly visits him, a provincial playboy who has preserved his 'freedom' so long that it has turned into loneliness. Peter once hoped that Tony would bring him 'news' of the world – the dancing, love-making, youthful world – which he cannot join, but in fact Tony has lost contact with his own, settled generation, and is too old to be accepted by Peter's. Between these two there subsists an uneasy, almost desperate relationship, based on needs which neither can understand nor fulfil. It is during one of

Tony's weekly visits that Peter, out of his longing to make contact with somebody – *anybody* – plays on a chance caller a cruel and apparently heartless trick. Terrified of the depths of need which Peter has revealed in himself, Tony abruptly terminates their friendship, slipping back thankfully into the shallow bonhomie with which he has always protected himself against human emotion. But there is nowhere for Peter to go except back into the desert of his own mind, where he cannot be reached by people who think they are living purposefully, going somewhere.

John Whiting is a writer whose plays end where other people's begin: he knows the point at which nothing further can be said about a human dilemma because it is self-perpetuating; he knows the falsity of imposing a smug solution on an insoluble situation. For this reason his work is always going to annoy as much as it stimulates. 'Hey!' we want to cry, 'you're cheating!' But he isn't cheating, he is being honest; and if we are left, at the end of this play, feeling that the author ought to have provided us with some comfortable get-out for Peter, that is perhaps because we have a sneaking suspicion that Peter's brutal, destructive honesty contains a nasty nodule of truth.

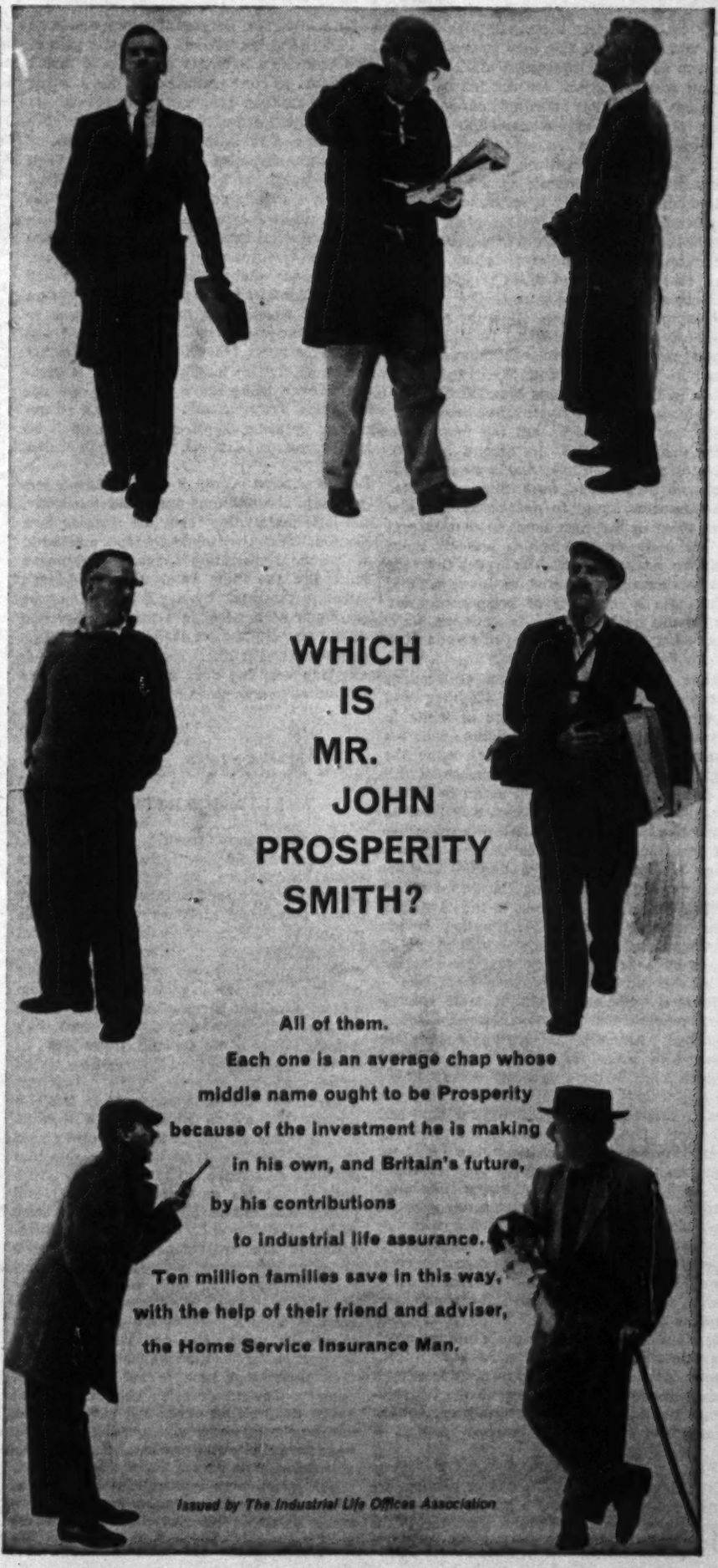
Naomi Capon's production of this play was impeccable: practically any shot, extracted as a still, would have balance, meaning and tension. Kenneth Haigh, as Peter, gave a performance of great intensity in a part which very few actors could have created so roundly. Perhaps the more difficult acting task fell to Nigel Stock. As Tony he had comparatively little to say, was on screen almost continuously, and was required to counterpoint Peter's restless musings by stance, movement and facial expression alone. It was a delight to watch these two fine actors responding to each other with such skill and subtlety, in a play which I shall long remember.

Exhibitions

DAVID SYLVESTER

PRUNELLA CLOUGH (Whitechapel): *Man with a Blowlamp, Lorry and Cranes, Factory Interior, Road by Gasworks, Machine Parts on Bench, Town from Train, Man and Steam, Yard at Night*: the subjects are those of a social realist; the paintings are private and abstract. I can't, indeed, think of many paintings which strike me as more abstract. They don't evoke the things named in their titles, they don't evoke other things either, and they don't leave me with any feeling that there's something which they ought to be evoking. What they do evoke is a certain way of seeing. It is a way of seeing very like de Hooch's, in its predilections (a scaffolding of verticals and horizontals, subtle tonal gradations with rarely any emphatic light or dark, colour that is hushed, stony, warm) and also in its temperament (phlegmatic, tense, respectful, unobtrusively affectionate). Only, with Clough that which was seen has disappeared as if it were purely the artist's private concern. What remains is its density, its gravity, one might almost say its moral value, the fact that there was something there the sight of which has been quietly, wryly, cherished.

Michael Middleton, who contributes a highly interesting and eloquent introduction


WHICH
IS
MR.
JOHN
PROSPERITY
SMITH?
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Each one is an average chap whose
middle name ought to be Prosperity
because of the investment he is making
in his own, and Britain's future,
by his contributions
to industrial life assurance.
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to the catalogue, sees these paintings differently and maintains that they re-create and reveal to us those things which make up our modern world. I myself am not led back to the things Clough has contemplated, am only aware of her act of contemplation and of the qualities of that act, of what goes on behind an intensely private face in public places. But we are certainly agreed as to the distinction of her work. It seems to me that only Keith Vaughan among the other members of the second generation of wartime neo-romantics (those who came after Sutherland, etc.) has shown as much staying-power and capacity for development.

A symptom of this capacity is the way she has absorbed new ideas and forms. Going round this retrospective exhibition one is aware in Nos. 110-20 of de Staël's influence; again, in the items around No. 150 one suspects the influence of Americans like Rothko, Kline and Motherwell: but the first group were painted in 1959, the second in 1960, years after she must have first come into contact with these artists' work. She is a painter who remains open to influences but she uses them in her own time, so that (except in her early work, which is scarcely more than an adaptation of MacBryde) they are always thoroughly digested. In this as in other things she is incapable of being superficial. So far this quality has its defect in her work – a rather oppressive absence of spontaneity.

HENRY MUNDY (Hanover). Free abstractions seemingly influenced by de Kooning and notable for their beautiful use of white in conjunction with strong colours and for their sense of scale, the canvas being the right size for the image (an absence of this is possibly the most general defect in British abstract painting). For all that they have no figurative intention, they are highly suggestive of space and light and weather and weathering. 'Unlike most of the English abstract painters of his generation (he was born in 1919),' writes Alan Bowness in the catalogue, 'his ultimate source of inspiration is not landscape or even figure, but still life. Had he lived a few years ago one can imagine what his pictures might have been like – interiors, with chairs and a table littered with objects, seen against curtained windows through which the light breaks.' Among the scrambled memories of the external world which I see in these paintings – see without trying to look for them – I can perceive the 'table littered with objects,' but the light and the feel of the forms seems to me to belong out of doors – *Looming* suggests a Turnerish storm and others suggest rocks or sea-walls.

As I see them, these paintings, like most other present British abstract painting, relate not simply to landscape but to the particular landscape of neo-romanticism; and, were it not for their entirely different palette, they would, I think, with their juxtapositions of areas of washy colour and scrubby entanglements of line, readily call Sutherland's name to mind. My point, though, is not so much to trace sources for an artist with a pronounced personality of his own, as to suggest that the appeal of his work to the imagination derives from its free interplay between images of outdoors and indoors.

EAST LONDON NEW PAINTERS (Railie Gallery, 24 Islington Green): These three painters are the present members of a group, 'formed for the mutual comfort of abstract painters in the East End,' with a studio at the Oxford House in Bethnal Green. Bernard Thomas was born in 1926 in Poplar, 'the son of a house painter who was also a Saturday painter, and thus I was raised in close contact with one kind of paint or another. I have had no formal art training apart from two years' pottery.' He works as a clerk in the X-ray department of a hospital and paints in his spare time. John Martin works as a railway porter. Alfred Poole is a tailor's cutter who spaces out his periods of employment so as to paint full-time for several months of a year. Martin and Poole are very young, and it would be premature to write about their work. Thomas is a forceful American-type painter whose images (some of which seem to owe something to X-ray photographs) strike the eye hard and stay in the mind. His colour is perhaps rather too harsh, but his handling of paint is sensitive without being suave and his lay-out has assurance. Prices at this gallery take advantage of its being out-of-the-way: a small oil by Thomas costs £10, one six-feet-by-four £50.

ROBERT ADAMS (Gimpel). These more-or-less geometric constructions are rather too sober, too little ingratiating. They are wanting in a glamour which they might get from a material with a more interesting surface than bronzed steel. But the most valid use for Adam's talent is suggested by a photograph in the catalogue of a relief in reinforced concrete on the new city theatre at Gelsenkirchen. It is enormous and it offers the excitement which anything very big does when the forms are authoritative enough to sustain such a scale.

Pleasure Dome

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

The faces come round: Yul Brynner's Ruritania and old Egypt claim him; he was Dmitri Karamazov; he has been Japanese, and surprisingly in Cocteau; and this week he's a new-world racketeer banished to his native Greek isle. Some confidence lies behind all these appearances, yet one can't say he's ever triumphed. What's wrong? Well, that baldness! Guinness may work wonders from a blank face, but Brynner's cranium holds no miracle. Then he grows hair; and he's nothing. Women, we are told, adore him . . .

With rather more than his usual energy he antics through *Surprise Packet* (Leicester Square), incisive, stark, agile – since this is a comedy. He's a king gangster; when he sticks a cigar in his mouth, 20 toughs crowd round with gold lighters. Then the police ship him off back to Europe, to his Greek isle, with nothing but his moll (Mitzi Gaynor) and genius; and in this Elba, who should there be but Noel Coward, ex-King of somewhere-or-other? The two get together. King has a crown to sell; crook must steal. They interlock smilingly, and with royal hospitality girls go in threes. It all comes, amusingly perhaps, from a book by Art Buchwald; but misses its gusto. We are back with Yul Brynner, never less than emphatic, never more than brisk; and such is not the fount of comedy. Coward does his boudoir act with knobs on, with an occasional camel's smile, and one faded song; and a film that should have been slick sub-Runyon, clicks mechanically through its paces.

The press were invited last week to the Mermaid Theatre, where a new project is being launched, 'Films At Lunchtime'. Every Friday, from 14 October, at a bob a time, the public are invited to a 40-minute show starting at 1.10. It isn't quite new, because the scheme was tried out – successfully, we're told – last winter. Now the programmes are more organised, each having a distinct theme, variously treated. The first three weeks will offer: 'Artists at Work', including the C. S. Lowry film; 'Aspects of War (*Time out of War* and Jennings's and Forster's *A Diary for Timothy*); and 'Life in the City' (including Denis Mitchell's *A Soho Story*). These programmes should more than balance the pull of lunch packages on the knee. The scheme seems to me an admirable one, since few Londoners are absorbed by lunch as such, and there's quite a percentage who flee in summer to the gardens and the benches. It might catch too that submerged seriousness which in wartime brought out the National Gallery concerts. The Mermaid hopes its Fridays will soon be supplemented by Thursdays; I see no reason why it shouldn't spread back further into the week. They plan, when the habit is firmly established, to put on a new film for a three-months season. Good luck to them!

Correspondence

LABOUR AND DEFENCE

SIR, – The nuclear arms issue at Scarborough is of such deep importance that it really must not be decided on the basis of misrepresentation.

I am not surprised of course that Mr Gaitskell should duck the moral aspect; there the case against him is self-evident. But even on the amoral level of strategic expediency Mr Gaitskell seems unwilling to debate the real issue, which is not about Nato or neutralism but about lending our island for weapons of nuclear offence. So let us get the facts straight.

Two years ago Mr Gaitskell was in favour of an independent British nuclear deterrent. Last year he offered to give it up on condition that no other country would nuclearise itself, though de Gaulle even then was proceeding to do so. This offer, with its bogus condition, was so palpably suspect that it must have hurt us at the polls. So this year he offers to give up the independent deterrent unconditionally on the grounds that we could never afford it – an elementary fact which presumably he had only just realised.

Now, therefore, it seems that a Labour Foreign Secretary will be sent 'naked into the conference chamber' after all. No matter; the phrase had served its purpose. But I should like to have heard Nye Bevan's comment on the switch. Doubtless he would have pointed out with some asperity that this year's policy, if sincere, makes the worst of both worlds. By surrendering 'independence' we have lost the power, such as it is, to control our own destiny and yet remain helplessly exposed to extermination, should American diplomacy carry us over the brink.

The basic issue then is about neither Nato nor neutralism. It is whether or not we should continue to invite the final obliteration of our country. For this precisely is what we are doing, so long as we allow this absurdly vulnerable little island to house America's main nuclear threat to Russia. If ever the Kremlin feels itself provoked or threatened to the point of war or, if you like, becomes wantonly bent upon it, then Britain not the US will be the first 'pre-emptive' target.

The reason is simple. If Russia were to attack America first, she knows retaliation would be immediate. If she were to attack Britain first, it is more than likely that any sane President would, as he should, suddenly find co-existence more attractive than resort to a 'suicide weapon' that would probably cost 50 million American lives. Therefore talk of sheltering behind the US is looking-glass language. It is we who are shelter-

ing the US – and without even any effective influence on American activities or diplomacy that may bring calamity upon us.

Resignation from Nato and neutralism are important but secondary issues. But, even there, it is quite false to pretend that Cousins and the CND are committed to either, though admittedly many pacifists would welcome both. So far from craving neutralism (which I presume means withdrawal from the scene), most of us are indignant that an automatic 'loyalty' to our senior partner should have neutralised British influence for so long. If politics is about power, then in this case our power certainly resides solely in our known readiness to resign, if need be, from the western military alliance. In pledging himself not to make use of this power, it is Gaitskell, not Cousins, who has committed himself to the indefinite neutralisation of British influence. That influence can only be re-asserted when it is known that we will not condone Cold War intransigence, from whichever side of the world it comes. 'My Nato right or wrong' means British impotence.

Nor need we be ashamed of putting British influence first, because in a nuclear age the prime British interest must be peace. Luckily, in serving ourselves, we should be serving the world.

BENN W. LEVY

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SW3

DEAR BARBARA

SIR, – It was nice of Barbara to write to me; and I much appreciated the complete absence of personal rancour in her 'open letter' – rather a contrast, if I may say so, to some other articles which have appeared in the NEW STATESMAN this year!

She does not rebut the main point of my *Encounter* article – namely, that Soviet economic growth has little relevance to Labour's domestic policy; the future of the uncommitted nations will depend far more on political developments in the Congo than on Britain's economic performance; and if more economic aid should prove decisive we can easily afford it even at present rates of growth.

Instead, she widens the argument, quite fairly, into a general discussion of nationalisation. Let us see where we agree and where we differ. I agree with all her objectives. I agree that some, selective, old-style nationalisation – that is, the taking over of particular firms or industries – will be necessary to achieving these objectives. I agree even more strongly that new forms of public enterprise are needed; she mentions government expenditure on research, and I could add many more instances.

But she goes much further than this, and I do not. She thinks that the pattern of ownership dictates the whole nature of our society; and she would therefore give nationalisation the first priority. I think that ownership is no longer the vital determining factor; and I would therefore give nationalisation a markedly lower priority.

She mentions three objectives in her letter. First, economic growth. This does not seem to have much to do with ownership, at least in advanced industrialised countries; for the western European economies, all with a smaller public sector than our own, have achieved much higher rates of growth.

Secondly, equality. Here (with due respect to Roy Jenkins's views of ten years ago) a capital gains tax, a gifts tax and higher inheritance duties would bite far more quickly and effectively than many years of old-style nationalisation. Sweden, relying primarily on such measures, enjoys a much greater degree of equality than Britain, though with a smaller public sector. But in Britain I would certainly supplement these measures by new-style nationalisation – i.e., share-buying by the state and other public authorities.

Thirdly, a higher priority for social spending on roads, hospitals, schools, etc. Barbara Castle adduces not one single argument to show why this cannot be achieved – as of course it is in Scandinavia – primarily through fiscal policy and

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Charles Morgan, who died in 1958, was once described as 'the last great traditionalist'. 'The Burning Glass' enjoyed a successful West End run at The Apollo in 1954. The mental conflict that inspired this play is equally valid in 1960 and next Tuesday's television 'Play of the Week' will introduce Charles Morgan's last play to an audience of many millions. Appearing in this production are Roger Livesey, Michael Atkinson and Anthony Newlands directed by David Boisseau.

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government planning. The proportion of social spending varies greatly in different countries; but it varies, not with the pattern of ownership, but with the attitude of electorates and the will-power of governments.

None of our objectives, of course, can be attained if we remain an impotent opposition party. The cost of another ten years of Tory rule – in terms of higher rents and lower pensions, of fewer hospitals and more congested roads – would be appalling. The Swedish Socialists have just shown that an up-to-date left-wing party can win power even in an affluent society. Is this really such an immoral objective for the British Labour Party?

ANTHONY CROSLAND

House of Commons

CIVIL DEFENCE

SIR, – General Kirkman says there is no incompatibility between the British Civil Defence Manual's claim that the ground floor 'refuge' in an average British house gives 40-fold protection against radiation and the US experiments showing that the protection in light residential houses is only 1.5-7-fold. I quoted the latter figures because, to my knowledge, they are the only published ones based on actual measurements and therefore most likely to be right. However, there are many more estimates available which General Kirkman does not quote. The US National Bureau of Standards gives the following protection figures:

(1) Above-ground areas of low buildings (houses, factories, etc) – 1.5-2-fold.

(2) Partly exposed basements, central ground floor areas of large multi-storey buildings or 1-2 storey buildings with heavy masonry walls – 2-10-fold.

(3) Basements with no exposed walls, midpoints of large multi-storey buildings – 10-50-fold.

General Kirkman implies that the much better protection claimed for British refuges is due to blocking up windows and choosing rooms without outside doors. But all the quoted figures refer to points below window level and, apart from Group (1), the US figures obviously refer to central rooms with outside doors. If General Kirkman has no better evidence to offer, then the Civil Defence Manual figures remain suspect of being reassuring fiction.

General Kirkman claims that I misread figures in Everett and Pugh's paper on casualties produced by fall-out. It is true that in relatively small attacks, say of up to 1,000 MT on the US, preparedness would, as General Kirkman says, halve the casualties due to fall-out. However, as one would expect, the bigger the attack the less difference is made. For an attack of 50,000 MT fall-out would kill 100 per cent of an unprepared population and 95 per cent of a prepared population if the attack were adapted to maximise deaths in a population with improved sheltering. (My claim of 100 per cent deaths produced by 50,000 MT on a prepared population was based on examination of a photostat of the article in question, and extrapolation of the graphs given in the original article show that in fact 100 per cent deaths in a prepared population would be produced by about 60-70,000 MT, a difference which is hardly material in this context.) With stock-piles at their present level I do not see how the civil defence practice of considering only small scale attacks is justified.

I agree that such calculations must be treated with reserve, not because the results are unpalatable but because they are inherently likely to be underestimates. We can only take into account the facts we know and not those we do not know. For instance, it is becoming clear, as was explained in the Hearings, that the dosage of radiation received from fall-out in the first two days after the explosion is about double that given in the official handbooks, upon which Everett and Pugh's estimates and the estimates made in my article were based. This means that the area of lethal fall-out is greater than has been assumed, that there will be more casualties per bomb, that double the protection is needed that we thought, and that the area which civil defence personnel must not enter for the first two days because of dangerous radioactivity must be extended. Yet General Kirkman says that there is nothing in the Congress Hearings which make it necessary to revise the British Civil Defence Manual!

It is strange to find American calculations of the effect of civil defence preparedness being used to support this country's civil defence scheme. The preparedness which the Americans are advocating consists mainly in large-scale building of fall-out shelters. So far as this country is concerned we have the word of the Home Secretary that building fall-out shelters is *completely out of the question*. Therefore consideration of what may be achieved by preparedness is irrelevant for us.

Why does the government, which is so keen to defend us, not build fall-out shelters? It can hardly be expense – Blue Streak would have paid for shelters for two million people. The reason presumably is that civil defence, as conceived by this government, is primarily for reassurance, not protection. What can be less reassuring than the sight of fall-out shelters being built in every open space, under every school and in every street? Such a sight might indeed tip the scale of public dissatisfaction with the deterrent policy.

The British people have to decide whether their survival will be better assured by further reliance on the deterrent or by abandoning nuclear weapons and leaving Nato. This is their choice and to choose wisely they must clearly understand the facts of the matter. The purpose of my article was to give facts. That of the civil defence scheme is to obscure them.

M. C. BERENBAUM

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THE PLUNDERED CONTINENT

SIR, – One could build up a case against any country or continent in the world by concentrating entirely on its shortcomings, which is what Mr Johnson has done. For instance, he pours scorn on Brasil's railway system, but says nothing whatever of the huge highway network now under construction nor of Brasil's internal airlines, which are among the best in the world.

Similarly, when talking of Peru, he makes no mention of such bootstrap operations as the Plan Peruvía, which are *inter alia* designed to alleviate the plight of the Indians which he so much deplores. And, while he mentions the decay of the Inca road system, he says nothing of the Pan-American Highway.

No one of course would attempt to deny that Argentina has had a bad time since the war, but to describe its post-war history as 'unmitigated tragedy' is unmitigated nonsense: perhaps Mr Johnson would prefer to be a citizen of Warsaw, Budapest or Lhasa? Maybe he has been misled by the Argentine tendency to see everything in the blackest terms; at whatever period in history he had visited Argentina he would no doubt have found most people dissatisfied with the government, the cost of living, the weather and everything else.

It seems to me that Mr Johnson is so blinded by his left-wing preconceptions that he can see nothing right about anybody except Fidel Castro – and APRA. Soldiers and bankers in particular seem to increase his blood pressure alarmingly. No one would suggest that they are all saints, nor that the armies of Latin America have always shown political wisdom, but those same armies have often been the only force capable of preventing complete political anarchy. As for the Cold Eyed Bankers (do Soviet moneylenders have warm eyes?), where does Mr Johnson expect people to get money from if not from banks? And capital is necessary for the very reforms he himself advocates.

On the subject of history I would prefer to let an historian answer in detail, as no doubt one will, but I should like to say a word in favour of the founders of the republics. Mr Johnson's reasoning seems to be that they were white settlers, that white settlers are all wicked reactionaries, and therefore that San Martín, Bolívar *et al* were a bunch of Verwoerds and Strijdoms. Nothing could be further from the truth. The Latin American revolutionaries were animated by the ideals of the French Revolution and the writings of Rousseau and Voltaire, and if in practice they often fell short, they were after all human, and dealing with real and not ideal people and situations.

Bolívar was in fact personally responsible for the liberation of the African slaves in the territories under his authority, and was a personal friend of the mulatto President Pétion of Haiti, with whom he stayed while in exile. As for San Martín, he always insisted he was a soldier and

writers and critics

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not a politician, and he repeatedly refused political office, including the presidency of Chile, finally going into exile rather than allow his great personal prestige to be dragged into the centralist-federalist wrangles in the United Provinces of the Río de la Plata, which he considered to be none of a soldier's business – a view which should surely have Mr Johnson's approval.

These errors of fact and emphasis are the more to be regretted since many of Mr Johnson's points are both valid and important – particularly those he makes about the neglect of agriculture, the overgrowth of cities, and the behaviour of the United States towards her neighbours. But he spoils his case by exaggeration, inaccuracy, and the spirit of prejudice to which Senhor Castello-Branco refers.

J. HALCRO FERGUSON

Ockley
Surrey

[Paul Johnson writes: It is always difficult to reply to critics who have not bothered to read one's articles properly. In Senhor Castello-Branco's complaint a fortnight ago, the only two matters he raised which might conceivably be termed points of substance were fully dealt with in my article. (Brasilians, as opposed to their diplomats, welcome disinterested criticism from abroad: I note with interest that this article was re-published in the *Estadode Sao Paulo*, Brasil's leading newspaper.) Mr Ferguson seems to be equally hasty. My reference to Brasilian railways was part of a passage in which I described the gloomy view of Brasil's future which one is given in Rio, contrasting this with the far more optimistic one taken by Sao Paulo (and making it clear to the meanest intelligence, I should have thought, that I shared the latter). In my earlier article, I wrote admiringly of Brasil's 'great continental roads' and described it as 'the most air-minded country in the world'. Mr Ferguson's other examples of my 'errors of fact and emphasis' similarly collapse as soon as one examines what I actually wrote. The Pan-American highway is a very recent creation: my point was that scarcely anything was done to improve internal communications in over 300 years. The Peruvian development plan, like much else in Latin-America, is still a paper edifice. As for the idealists who took part in the liberation movement, Mr Ferguson must surely know that they were rapidly eliminated by the *colons* once they had served their purpose. Bolivar, Nariño, Artigas died in poverty, San Martin and O'Higgins in exile; Guerrero was executed; Sucre was murdered. My comments on the Latin-American political scene are easily outmatched in bitter trenchancy by Bolivar's own recorded remarks, 'we who have worked for Latin-American freedom have ploughed the sea', he wrote. Latin-America was 'a turmoil ,a chaos of passions, difficulties and disorders [with] neither faith nor truth, whether it be among men or nations. Treaties are mere scraps of paper, constitutions are books, elections are battles, freedom is anarchy'.

I can easily understand that Mr Ferguson, who writes frequently on Latin-American affairs in the *Observer*, should resent my intrusion on his province and profoundly disagree with my more radical analysis. But in this case he must meet my arguments point by point (starting by reading them) and not indulge his anger by irrelevant, though revealing, reference to Lhasa, Budapest and Warsaw, etc. I went to Latin-America with no prejudices, so far as I am aware; but I came back with an intense pity for its misruled and exploited inhabitants and a determination to make British public aware of their problems. – Ed., NS.]

TEENAGE WHO'S WHO

SIR, – Mr Kerridge has got his proportions wrong. According to him, the cardinal types of teenager – in significance if not in numbers – are the yob, the beatnik, the raver, the leather-jacket and the 'hard man'. Other peripheral groups – the national and racial types; the 'fringers'; the public schoolboys and men-about-town – get a secondary mention, with approving or disapproving comments according to Mr Kerridge's taste. The opinion is expressed that 'hard squares' are the commonest form of teenager. We seem, however, to reach the ultimate Arctic of Mr Kerridge's despair and dislike in the Grammar-schoolites. When these attempt to invade the hip scene, they are disparagingly dismissed as 'fringers, minor clerks and apprentices and the like'. When they keep to their own territory, they have 'no social life worth speaking of until the Sixth Form' and are 'scared to death in the company of their girl friends' and so on.

Mr Kerridge appears especially to have it in for the Grammar-schoolites, which may suggest that they constitute the biggest challenge to his yob-orthodoxy. The public schoolboys and the Teds are far enough out on the lunatic fringe to be dismissed out-of-hand. Possibly, however, he sees in the Grammar-schoolites a more sober and valid antithesis to his rebels without a cause. I wouldn't claim to a comprehensive knowledge of the ways in which the GS types occupy their spare time – possibly in 'square', unadventurous pastimes like climbing Ben Hope or cycling round Donegal. I have a suspicion that one or two of them, in favourable circumstances of seclusion, would give an awful fright to Mr Kerridge's hip female. What seems fundamental, however, and no doubt this obscurely disturbs Mr Kerridge, is that the Grammar-school boys have caught on to the fact that life is a continuum in which teenage is one integral phase. I fancy they accept adulthood, without reaching out for it, as a further stage they are inevitably bound for. Mr Kerridge's hip types are, by contrast, caught for ever in a teenagery they cannot conceive of leaving; rebels for ever against an adulthood to which they cannot conceive of belonging.

Look at Mr Kerridge himself: he admits, with becoming cheerfulness, that he is now 19 and, by the same token, on the edge of limbo. What is he going to do with his adulthood? He isn't going to be a 'minor clerk', nor yet a bowler hat, nesting in hair to which the barber has limited access. All credit to him. The trouble is, what *is* he going to be? By his own definition, someone the world would be better without. But if his coming-of-age is going to be a sort of death for him, surely he had better be looking for a life after death? This is where the business about the proportions comes in. You see, although the Teds and the ravers get plenty of publicity, and although Mr Kerridge's favourite yobs are full of delightful rebellion, I have a feeling that the people who really keep the world going are these much-abused Grammar-school chaps, who get the shivers with their girl friends.

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Joyce Cary in Africa, 1913 – 1920

M. M. MAHOOD

Professor of English, University College of Ibadan

In the early months of 1918 a native of the Borgu Division of Northern Nigeria, called Jarimi, contracted leprosy. Two of his three wives were taken from him by their relations. He proposed to the third that she should seek a child by another man, but warned her – 'The child is mine, and if you take him out of the house after I die, I will come back and kill you.' When the wife was pregnant, the priest of the village shrine came to Jarimi and claimed fatherhood of the child: 'The baby your wife is going to bear is a juju baby and will belong to me.' 'This baby,' Jarimi replied, 'will be the death of us both'; and in fulfilment of this he took his bow and shot the priest, who died begging the bystanders to see that his debt of three shillings to the village chief was paid. Jarimi gave himself up and was held for trial by the District Officer.

Joyce Cary, who was the District Officer, heard of the murder in October, when he was trekking southward to Kaiama with a long file of carriers. 'I hear they have caught a murderer at Kaiama. Rather a nuisance if I have to hang a man. I shouldn't like that at all. I haven't a notion how it is done, and I don't know how I should feel either. It is rather hard to have to try a man and hang him too – I would much rather have him shot. However, perhaps I'll acquit him.' But Jarimi, who refused to say anything in his own defence – 'I don't want anything more to do with anyone' – could not be acquitted. Joyce Cary's account of the trial, still in the Divisional Office at Borgu, concludes with a strong recommendation to mercy, 'on account of the provocation'. This was accepted, and Cary never found himself in the quandary of Rudbeck in *Mister Johnson*, although he had already envisaged Rudbeck's solution.

There is much more than the raw material for the events and situations of his early novels to be found in the official records which Joyce Cary kept in Borgu and in his daily letters to his wife from Nigeria. The real interest of these papers is that they reveal a process of inner exploration during which Cary experienced, though he could not yet distinguish, the *sens* as well as the *matière* of his future novels: a *sens* which is the constantly varied recurrent theme of his two trilogies, and which might be defined as the theme of tribal loyalty and creative freedom.

When he was first given charge of the 12,000 square miles of Borgu, at the age of 29 and on a salary of £300 a year, Joyce Cary hated the division. In 1917, living conditions for the political officer in such an area were primitive. The Middle Belt landscape of Nigeria lacks the distinctive charms of the southern forests and the northern savanna. For the most part it is featureless orchard bush, rendered black and desolate in the dry season by the bush-burning of hunters, and criss-crossed in the wet season by treacherous rivers of which Cary had to swim three or four on each day's trek; valuables, including his current manuscript, had to be floated across in calabashes. But to Cary, whose Nigerian experience had hitherto all been in the Army or on a large European station in a northern emirate, the worst aspect of Borgu was its isolation in responsibility. No political officer had lived in the division for a number of years, and it was just recovering from a serious revolt.

In these circumstances, it is not surprising that Joyce Cary's 1917 letters from Borgu are full of expostulations against the whole Negro race which read like the views of the bigoted racist, Rackham, in *The African Witch*. The setting of that novel is primarily Nafada, Cary's first station, and when he moved from there to Borgu he was still the newcomer anxious to conform with the ideas of the more experienced Europeans in the country and very ready to accept the easy generalisations with which many of them dismissed 'these people', the Nigerians. Cary in Nefada carefully (and a bit pompously) explains to his wife the importance of maintaining 'white prestige'.

This state of affairs did not last long. By the end of 1917 Cary was beginning to find his work couldn't be done on a high horse. He quickly turns into one of the devoted political officers of his African novels who literally get down to the job, in muddy streambeds and the like, at the expense of their dignity; many years later he remarked that 'a man in real responsibility for other people's lives and happiness has no scruples about dignity.' Once that discovery is made, Rackham vanishes from Cary's letters, and Borgawa manners and morals are no longer incomprehensible. During his next tour, which was spent in almost incessant travel through the division, Cary is able to write:

> I have made more acquaintances today than for a long time past, and with a great deal of pleasure. I find lonely men in lonely huts working hard all the year to support one old blind father and a child – or chiefs in old age still cheerful and undaunted with nobody left in their tumble-down hamlet but a leper or so, and one household . . . They respect and care for the old, they feed the sick and the poor – there are no cases here of people starved to death – they pet and spoil their children. What would be wrong with us, is wrong with them. It is true that many things which are wrong to us are not wrong to them, but it is a question whether they are essentials.

At this time Joyce Cary was in fact beginning to fall into the state of mind of many public-school Englishmen in a colonial situation: a determination to preserve and even to isolate the culture of the people ruled because that culture, however repugnant and strange at first, awakens by the force of its tribal sanctions a strong response in the administrator's own conservative nature. When Cary in his letters from Nigeria complains bitterly of the education offered to pagans by American missionaries, his voice is that of Monkey Bewsher, the eccentric and conservative DO in *An American Visitor*; and the same figure of 'the pagan man' who wants *his* tribe kept unspoilt in a human nature reserve turns up repeatedly in Cary's unpublished writings. But the existence of such figures shows that Cary outlived the attitude. When, 25 years later, he complained that Northern Nigeria was just a reserve, and contrasted the brash vitality of Lagos – 'real individual freedom, getting its head loose and throwing out its front legs' – he was recording a discovery that he made in the closing months of his African service.

That discovery began with the realisation of the remarkable liberty of action that his position of isolated responsibility gave him. He was free to start changing the face of a featureless and barren tract of land. Cary's letters from Borgu in 1919 are no longer from Rackham or Brewsher, but from the road builder, Rudbeck. He sank the wells from which the women of Kaiama, swathed in bright cottons, still draw clean water. He built zongas, safe inns for traders. He built trestle bridges. He constructed Borgu's first motorable road – still today, when one drives over it at 60 miles an hour, one of the best stretches in the division.

But this creative energy encountered repeated setbacks. Few of the Borgawa had enough extra-tribal vision to see what Cary was up to; they met his enthusiasm with apathy. And he fared no better in his dealings with his superiors at Kaduna, who had in any case to carry out the policy of a parsimonious home government. Cary soon found that, while his almost dictatorial powers gave him a free hand in Borgu, an empty hand is not a free one. A letter of May 1919 sums up the anomaly of his position.

> Who knows me at home – but 25,000 people here call me 'Baba' or Father . . . They run to me when they are in trouble, and they depend on me for much – for protection from tyranny, and exploitation, and injustice. I could do more for them if

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> I was allowed to spend a little more money – I want a vaccinator and a vet – I want an engineer and some bigger bridges than can be made with bush timber – I want some better roads – and a larger staff.

And in alternate letters Cary is wildly happy with the success of his projects and wildly angry with the failure of the Emir or the Secretariat at Kaduna to be fired with his vision of a healthy and prosperous Borgu.

Such alternations contributed a lot to the creation of characters like Ali in *Aissa Saved* (his real name was Lafia) or Louis Aladai in *The African Witch*, whose vision extends far beyond the compound wall and whose efforts to carve out for themselves a life richer than the circumscribed existence of the tribe bring them into conflict with authority. On occasion the authority was A. J. Cary, ADO. In his work as magistrate, Cary felt all the attraction that the drunk and disorderly have for the sober and responsible. In the man who ran foul of the law Cary first began in Africa to recognise the maker, the free soul creating its own world with all the pain and delight of artistic effort. And he was to make this the main theme of all his novels.

It is clearest of all in *Mister Johnson*. Johnson thrusts aside legalities in the fulfilment of his dreams; Rudbeck, compelled to try Johnson while sharing his vision of the great trade road to Kano, in the end also defies the law in order to preserve Johnson's dream world and so, paradoxically, his freedom. Behind Johnson's dealings with Rudbeck lie several actual relationships of Cary's Borgu days. The clerk, Mr Graves, who was appointed to the Divisional Office a few months before Cary left, had none of Johnson's ebullience, but Cary was led to identify himself closely with him by the fact that they were the only two men of Western education in a vast tract of bush. Even when Mr Graves makes a mess of the accounts and calls down on himself some fearsome Irish imprecations, these are characteristically prefaced with 'I've found out Graves's chief fault. Like me – as you said once – he thinks he knows everything.' Much more was contributed to the Johnson-Rudbeck relationship by Cary's delight in Tasuki, the road foreman, who also appears under his own name in the novel.

A more complex relationship which helped to shape *Mister Johnson* was Cary's friendship with his political agent, Musa. He was an educated Moslem, somewhat cynical and effete by nature, whose handsome features were sketched in many letters. He and Cary worked in a close partnership until, in August 1919, Musa was accused of corruption. The affair which led to Cary having to try his closest associate was a Caryish blend of the ludicrous and the calamitous: it concerned the entitlement to a state umbrella, 'a dashed old brolly', which a minor chief was alleged to have obtained by bribing Musa. Musa got off for lack of evidence; but it seems that Cary was left with a lasting guilt about this intrusion into his political agent's sphere of enterprise, and 20 years later he dedicated *Mister Johnson* to Musa with the quotation 'Remembered goodness is a benediction'.

No word could be more evocative than this last of a time in Joyce Cary's career when, amid many vexations and frustrations, he wrote down in his diary that 'life is a birthday present'. In this, his African experience is in sharp contrast to Conrad's. Both novelists made a journey to the interior, but Cary found no horror. Rather, he discovered with delight his own creative freedom and the anything-but-peaceful coexistence of other Blakean freedoms in people like Tasuki, Musa and Lafia. Another ten years of reading and thinking were needed to define the discovery, and then Joyce Cary was ready to write what he himself termed the Comedy of Freedom.

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Everything was against him. He went early to work at low wages. He had limited educational opportunities, indomitably supplemented in his scanty leisure. He was discouraged constantly by his father's point of view. There was always the fear of blindness. What did he achieve? Four times in the Cabinet, he saw London through the Blitz, having built her as a model of applied Socialism. One word more, Morrison is not just a Londoner. He is a Cockney, which is something indefinable, unmistakable and irresistible. He taught himself dialectical oratory at the street-corner, going as far left as he knew how, moving from the SDF to the ILP in an effort to retain his revolutionary angle. This was his training.

I heard his maiden speech in the House of Lords, as I have heard many such in a score of years. Here was a Lord who refused to bear Arms, reluctantly accepted the title and despised the cringing humbug which is common form. But the speech was a marked success and warmly applauded. Could it be that their Lordships were touched and reassured when they found that this hard-core rebel was dedicating his loyalty to the Establishment?

Lord Morrison's autobiography forms an enduring part of London history. It tells of the building of New London, consciously Socialist. He pays a generous tribute to his predecessors in the preliminary clearing of the site. The whole of this inspiring change happened within living memory. I myself was a contemporary of Mr Bumble and I saw the triumph of Oliver Twist. It is true that we lost the first great battle for a unified London in which we had the support of Gladstone, Chamberlain and Dilke; but with Lord Rosebery as patron and a famous band of reformers much was done. Gradually what had been obviously good was seen to be a social ideology, and wheedled by Sidney Webb ('S' for subversion) our creed was established. Bumble was routed on principle and we learned to see that civic happiness was not a sin. The London Labour Party was the orthodox organisation. This was the work of Herbert Morrison. Its realised ideals are typified by such things as the Green Belt, the

Royal Festival Hall, the new Waterloo Bridge and above all the co-ordination of London Transport and Electric Power.

Morrison is a party man through and through and he was happy in his municipal work. It is characteristic of his devotion that at first he rejected the invitation to stand for Parliament. Fortunately, however, he was persuaded and became a trained back-bencher in the short first Labour Parliament. It was natural that he should have entered the Government of 1929 as Minister of Transport, a field he knew well. Amidst the political confusion and torment of that time Morrison's work commanded the open admiration of both sides of the House. A few months later he was invited to enter the Cabinet. By that time the struggles were nearly over, but Morrison, though the junior member, declared against MacDonald's decision. What was wrong was to arrange matters at the Palace instead of through the proper political machinery. However, there was the fact: the Budget had to be balanced and the Cabinet hung about at No. 10 waiting for the word from New York. Finally the Budget was submitted to Foreign Bankers and passed in consultation with the representatives of Parliamentary minorities. Morrison returned to his municipal work and at the outbreak of war became Home Secretary. In the next Government he was Lord President of the Council and Leader of the House. That completes the story of his official career, apart from his brief spell as Foreign Secretary.

Now we come to the 'juicy' bits, the 'revelations'. They may have a sales value but I think it is a pity they appear. They can only be of ephemeral interest and they wither the spirit of tolerant brotherhood (which permits of plain speaking, thank goodness). They add nothing to the value of autobiography.

I should like, however, to make one or two comments on the general ideas advanced. Lord Morrison has a nagging fear that the Cabinet and No. 10 are the preserve of the 'intellectuals'. It would be rather strained to point out that when George I presided he could not even speak English, or again, an intellectual to whom the author takes particular exception, Sidney Webb, was a notorious Parliamentary failure. Often the appointment of the Prime Minister has been a compromise: for example, Campbell-Bannerman at the time of Harcourt and Rosebery, or Bonar Law at the time of Long and Chamberlain. I think if Lord Morrison should perchance join a Conservative Cabinet he would find there is no question of Eleven Plus at No. 10. The final theory which I consider dangerous is that of the Number Two Man. There is no such thing known to the Constitution. The Cabinet is not a cab-rank.

The plain fact is that Mr Morrison was rejected decisively by the rank and file of the Labour Party. The reason was that for all his great gifts his appointment would, by division, have destroyed the Party. Nothing he has said has shown that his gifts matched the international needs of the time. And that being so, his attempt to blame Attlee for keeping him from the succession is merely irrelevant.

There is one little ray of hope. He speaks as if he intended to participate actively in the House of Lords Debates. This is very much to the good. The House of Lords may be compared to Valhalla, Stonehenge or the Trappist Order. Eminently respectable and authentic, but as a general rule painfully silent. Let us compare it further to the Sleeping Beauty; perhaps Herbert can confer the awakening salute.

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Aviation Commentary

The Aeroplane: An Historical Survey. By CHARLES H. GIBBS-SMITH. *HMSO.* 35*s.*

Bristol Fashion. By JOHN PUDNEY. *Putnam.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Hero: Charles A. Lindbergh. By KENNETH S. DAVIS. *Longmans.* 30*s.*

Claude Grahame-White. By GRAHAM WALLACE. *Putnam.* 35*s.*

Half a century of aviation has been long enough to show that the invention of the aeroplane has bestowed upon mankind four substantial benefits which far outweigh the drawbacks and nuisances – noise, cost and disasters – which have come, inevitably, in its train.

Such a statement, which is undoubtedly controversial, will, I believe, stand up to objective appraisal. The four fundamental contributions could be set out thus: the advance in the speed of world communications; the saving of the world from Nazi/Japanese domination as a result of the winning of the Battle of Britain in 1940 and the air war over the Pacific in 1943; the advance in technology over a wide field of science and engineering brought about by the spur of aeronautics – in materials, in fluid mechanics, in electronics and in the gas turbine; the impetus and inspiration which aviation has given to engineers, scientists and men of action.

This last theme indeed provides the, unpremeditated, link between these four books about the Air. Two of them – Gibbs-Smith's and John Pudney's – deal primarily with historical development, whereas the other two – *The Hero* and *Claude Grahame-White* – centre upon personalities.

Charles Gibbs-Smith is, essentially, a historian fascinated with man's early struggle to fly. He has devoted ten years of industrious research to the task of discovering how the aeroplane came into being. The result is the most comprehensive survey yet written on the birth of a new technology – from the shadows of myths and dreams to the substance of the coming adventures into Space. In the course of his labours, Gibbs-Smith has added materially to our knowledge of how the aeroplane was originated. In particular he has made a major contribution on the work of that great Yorkshireman, Sir George Caley, 'the father of British aeronautics', between 1792 and 1867 and has set in some sort of perspective the genius of the Wright Brothers, the early progress in France and tentative steps in England during the first decade of this century. Gibbs-Smith has written the best historical record yet put on paper of these formative years. His touch on the later period – from 1914 onwards – is less sure. Even so, his work is a classic of its kind and will be the mine from which, undoubtedly, the raw material for many new aeronautical writings will be extracted.

In a very different vein is John Pudney's *Bristol Fashion.* This elegant and uncritical trifle has been written to mark the jubilee of a great West Country institution. the Bristol Aeroplane Company. In the process it marks, equally and nostalgically, the passing of what was a unique family business – now merged into the British Aircraft Corporation, whose initials – perhaps by more than a coincidence – carry forward the old tradition. As an academic essay on the theme of 'Bristol Fashion', it succeeds admirably. As a serious contribution to knowledge about half a century of technical development or about those who fashioned it, it adds almost nothing. The first 78 pages, out of 101 in all, take us – pleasantly and readably enough – from 1909 to 1917. Of the next 43 years, in which the BAC made its mark on the nation and in the skies of the world, there is little enough. Indeed of names such as the Verdon Smiths, father and son, Sir Henry White-Smith, of Fedden's sleeve-valve engines, the Brabazon and the Britannia, there is no mention. The foreword by Sir Reginald Verdon Smith – a model of how such things should be done – sets the scene in some perspective.

Quite different again is Kenneth Davis's biography of Charles Lindbergh. Where John Pudney's people are shadows, Kenneth Davis makes of Lindbergh, and his family and associates, living personalities. This critical account of a man who became a legend in his own day is far the best thing which has been written about this little understood character - the man to whom the *New York Times* devoted the whole of its first 16 pages (save for advertisements) on 14 June 1927 when he returned to the United States after his solo non-stop flight from New York to Paris and who, 30 years later, was the subject of a cartoon in the *New Yorker,* in which a small boy comes out from the film *The Spirit of St Louis* and asks his father, 'If everyone thought what he did was so marvellous, how come he never got famous?'

Lindbergh's flight and Lindbergh's early personality did more than any other event, or any other individual, to launch American commercial aviation on the path it has since pursued. The tragedy of the Lindbergh baby and the influence on Lindbergh of his erudite wife Anne, contributed to a major extent to his subsequent retirement into obscurity and to the strange, sad, pro-Nazi interlude. Kenneth Davis has put together an absorbing account of a life which is unique to the first half of the twentieth century and the American scene. He is at once critical, objective, and analytical. Even those with no interest in aviation will find this book absorbing.

Graham Wallace's biography of Grahame-White is, on the other hand, unalloyed hero-worship. Just as Lindbergh's fame rested upon 33½ hours of achievement between New York and Paris in May 1927, so Grahame-White's popular acclaim was founded on a three-hours gallant failure in the race with the Frenchman Paulhan to be the first to fly from London to Manchester in April 1910. Like Lindbergh, Grahame-White's major impact on aviation was over before he was 40. And to the modern generation, his name is even less remembered. His most lasting contribution to British Aviation was Hendon Aerodrome which he made famous between 1912 and 1914 for the flying demonstrations and pylon air races which he stage-managed. During the War of 1914-18 the Grahame-White Company built aeroplanes for the Government. Subsequently Hendon was sold to the Air Ministry after prolonged and bitter negotiation and Grahame-White retired to make a fortune in real estate.

Graham Wallace collaborated closely with Grahame-White to write this biography and by melancholy coincidence both author and subject died within five months of each other before the proofs had been completed. The collaboration has clearly resulted in the recording of much historical detail – particularly of the 1910-1914 era – which will be of real use to future historians. It has, however, obscured any critical analysis of the hero's character which is so valuable a part of the Lindbergh biography.

PETER MASEFIELD

Historians, Take Over!

The Memoirs of Lord Ismay. *Heinemann.* 42*s*.

A Full Life. By LT. GEN. SIR BRIAN HORROCKS. *Collins.* 25*s*.

The Desert Generals. By CORRELLI BARNETT. *Kimber.* 30*s*.

Why do you show me this? A fourth! Start, eyes! . . . Another yet? A seventh! I'll see no more: And yet the eighth appears.

The endless series of wartime reminiscences by our Generals is becoming uncommonly like that procession of apparitions which appalled Macbeth. Of course, I realise that our top brass in 1945 was denied the huge cash payments that a grateful Parliament dished out after World War I. As they must have something to eke out their pensions, the capital gains to be acquired by printing the secret diaries which lesser mortals were forbidden to keep and retailing gossip about each other come as a useful alternative.

Now it is the turn of Lord Ismay, one of the doughtiest of our Whitehall warriors. He got his first 'inside' job as Assistant Secretary of the Committee of Imperial Defence in 1925, and in 1936 became Hankey's military deputy in the Cabinet secretariat. When Sir Winston took over, Ismay became his personal representative on the Chiefs of Staff Committee. Since he continued to work for the Labour Government and then became General Secretary of Nato, he had more experience than anyone else of top-level policy-making. His *Memoirs*, however, tell us virtually nothing new and he comes so late in the queue that he feels compelled to prelude almost every chapter with an apology. 'The story has been told in detail and my account will only deal with its salient features.' And unfortunately that is just what he does, taking us unsparingly through the whole saga and providing a great lump of hero-worship to balance the unflattering picture of Sir Winston in Lord Alanbrooke's war diaries. Every action of his master – even the Greek fiasco – is defended, and his lesser masters, including Eden, Attlee and Bevin, get their share of whitewash. Indeed, almost the only rebuke in the book is administered to the Premier's critics in the House of Commons.

From time to time Churchill's conduct of the war was severely criticised in Parliament . . . The House of Commons was not at its best in these debates.

I am sure that the living Ismay has qualities which are not reflected by the image presented in cold print. Indeed, what distinguishes this apparition from all the ghostly brass-hats that preceded it is its obsequious sententiousness. Here are two extracts:

I had a legitimate foot in every camp –naval, military, air, as well as political . . . and I can testify that the War Cabinet was a band of brothers . . .

At a very late hour one night the question of timing was being discussed by the Defence Committee, and I regret to admit that I was half-asleep when I heard the Prime Minister ask when William the Conqueror had landed. Hitherto I had made no contribution to the debate. Here was my chance. '1066,' I exclaimed. To my surprise this was greeted with a roar of laughter, and the Prime Minister said pityingly: 'Pug, you should have been in your basket ages ago.'

I appreciate that a great war leader may require men of this kind to fetch and carry for him and to soothe him with their adula-

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● **THE RUINED BOYS** *by Roy Fuller*
"This satisfactory book is, simultaneously and without apparent strain, a comment on social history, an acute psychological study of adolescent development, and a witty, elegant piece of fiction" — *London Magazine.* The setting is a dejected public school. JUNE *Deutsch* 15s.; CF 6s.

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A dramatic and compassionate story of the sickening last days of the Spanish Civil War after the collapse of Madrid. "As true and as sad and as suggestive as the flamencos which echo through it"—*Times Literary Supplement.* AUGUST *Michael Joseph* 18s.; CF 6s.

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☐ **THE LORD OF THE RINGS** *by J. R. R. Tolkien*
"For width of imagination it almost beggars parallel", said Richard Hughes of this indescribable masterpiece. Saga, heroic romance, fairy tale, thriller; in three volumes.
DECEMBER *Allen & Unwin* 63s. the set; RU 36s.

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The first satisfactory critical biography of Conrad to appear, it is likely to remain the definitive one. "Rarely has there been so enthralling and minute a study of a writer." – *Times Literary Supplement.*
FEBRUARY *Weidenfeld & Nicolson* 42s.; CF 21s.

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tion. But, in kindness to a faithful servant, he should have discouraged Pug from publishing this record of his master's voice.

General Horrocks is another soldier who was snatched from insignificance by the favours of the great. If Ismay was Churchill's pug, Horrocks was one of those toothy sheepdogs Monty used to impose his personal authority throughout his Army. In describing the capture of Bremen, he reveals the kind of leadership Monty demanded of a Corps Commander:

> The more I studied the problem the less I liked it. While I was trying to find the best way out the telephone rang and a staff officer informed me that Field-Marshal Montgomery was on his way down to see me . . . He listened carefully, without saying a word while I explained my difficulties. There was a short pause while he pondered on what he had heard. Then, stabbing the map with his finger he said, 'We will do A, B, C and D.' The four decisions which he then took cleared up the situation completely, and as far as I was concerned Bremen was finished.

Horrocks and Ismay both began as extremely conventional Regulars, with more taste for athletics than for strategy. The young Horrocks spent most of World War I in German prisoner-of-war camps, then volunteered for Siberia and got a taste of Russian prisons as well. As a determined escaper, he probably felt less constricted than Ismay, who spent the whole war confined to Somaliland. Both tell the story of their youth with a freshness and vigour which fade rapidly as each graduates into the Establishment. But there is a difference. Lord Ismay could reveal a lot of secrets – and fails to do so, at inordinate length. Sir Brian knows he has little new to say, and says it very well. Indeed, he plays his personal variation on the Monty myth with all the charm that we can expect from the retired soldier who combines a new double career as Black Rod in the House of Lords and as a television commentator. Viewers will read *A Full Life* in order to learn what their favourite raconteur was doing before he became a real celebrity.

I have just room to assure readers that they should not be put off *The Desert Generals* by the fact that the last chapter, debunking Monty, has been turned into a nine days' wonder. Mr Barnett has composed a brilliantly readable yet wholly serious study of the five generals who fought the desert war – Sir Richard O'Connor, Sir Alan Cunningham, Sir Neil Ritchie, Sir Claude Auchinleck, and Monty himself. He has interviewed at length most of the main witnesses and much of his evidence derives from unpublished conversations with them. He has mastered all the documentation and, in well organised appendices refers us to the authority for almost every statement he makes. Finally, though his only experience of war has been reading Military History at Oxford (he took The Theory of War as his special subject), he has studied the battlefields and writes far more vividly of them than any of the brass-hats. Of course, he has become a passionate partisan in all the main controversies, but his partisanship is that not of a participant, with a memory distorted by old prejudices, but of a young man coming to the subject with a fresh mind and with that imagination which only distance and detachment can bring. What his book proves is that the generals of World War II should stop recollecting their emotions in complacency and leave the job of writing its history to the historians.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

Outdoor Men

Trask. By DON BERRY. *Hutchinson.* 16*s.*

Three Against the Wilderness. By ERIC COLLIER. *Hutchinson.* 21*s.*

Wideawake Island. By BERNARD STONEHOUSE. *Hutchinson.* 35*s.*

In 1931, with a quarter-Indian wife, a baby son, and a few necessities lashed to a buggy (for which he paid ten dollars and one coyote pelt) Eric Collier set out into the wilderness of British Columbia. His intention was to settle there, wrest a living from the 150,000 acres of forest around him, and rebuild the dams (fallen into disrepair with the extermination of the beavers) which kept the water in the lakes of Meldrum Creek.

A good deal of improvisation was necessary merely to keep alive. Getting a winter's supply of lard meant smoking a bear out of his cave with a lighted torch; for fertiliser they used the bodies of inedible fish from the lake. The book is full of such accounts, as well as graphic descriptions of the wild life – like the beavers, who rebuilt dynamited dams overnight, and gratuitously cut down the trees that blocked the sun from the Colliers' farm. Eric Collier writes like an outdoor man. His prose is a curious mixture of fresh descriptions and roughshod backwoods imagery, often gauche. But once the narrative is under way, there is, happily, so much to tell that language ceases to obtrude.

Trask is a work of fiction, based on a skeleton of fact, about Elbridge Trask, a white settler of the 1840's in Oregon, who is impelled by the need for some wilful act of self discovery to venture into the hostile country of the Killamook Indians. In performing this *acte gratuite*, which eventually takes the form of an agonising Indian manhood test, he does attain to a state of spiritual awareness and peace of mind. The book sounds like a young author's typical quest for personal identity and at first reads as such, with its Hemingway overtones and inadequate philosophising about the hero's inner lack. But with the journey Berry finds his stride and gives us an adventure story imaginatively reconstructed and well-made. The book culminates in a believable and gripping climax, which carries perfectly the philosophic implications of the final act. His drawing of the Indian character, in relation to the white settlers of the time, is skilful, and if as unbiased as it seems, suggests that our colonising ancestors have a lot to answer for in destroying a dignified harmonious civilisation.

With *Wideawake Island*, an account of the British Ornithologists' Union's expedition to Ascension Island, we are back in the more familiar world of the expeditionary scientist. As one would expect, the book is largely devoted to the day-to-day business of ringing, marking and watching birds, and recording their curiously more-than-annual breeding habits. Some interesting conclusions emerge – the average of only two per cent survival among fledglings, for instance, due partly to predators, partly to the incredible carelessness of the parent birds themselves.

The author sandwiches in some of the island's history, including among other things, facts about Charles Darwin's visit, the domestic origin of the wild cats that now desecrate the bird sanctuaries, the abandonment of Ascension to private enterprise once it ceased to be of use to the Navy, and its present position as a rocket tracking base.

PHILLIP RILEY

New art books from Zwemmer

Recent additions to the Skira Monograph series are **Velasquez 45s, Giotto 45s** and **Klee 45s,** each with 55-60 paintings reproduced in colour; **Bosch 45s** follows in November. Also due in November from Skira is **Modern Painting: Contemporary Trends £9** by Nello Ponente, the sequel to the famous 'Modern Painting' and which covers painting since 1945. The text shows the relationship of modern painting to contemporary thought; there are 100 paintings reproduced in colour. Skira inaugurates a new series, 'Treasures of Asia', with **Chinese Painting £9,** which includes the first reproductions of many jealously-preserved masterpieces; 100 colour plates. The new edition of the well-known annual, **Selective Eye 4: Modern Art Yesterday and Tomorrow £2 12s 6d,** a further selection from the international art magazine L'OEIL, is due in November, with abundant colour and black/white illustrations; and the important Christmas number of the art review **XXe Siècle £2 10s** will be published with an English text; also with numerous colour and black/white illustrations. The new addition to the 'Studies in Architecture' series is **Burgundian Gothic Architecture £3 10s** by Robert Branner. Two fine books on Chagall will be ready in November: **Chagall: Lithographic Work £8 10s,** an illustrated catalogue raisonné with 72 plates in colour, including 9 original lithographs, and 149 black/white; and a further collection from Verve of **Chagall: Bible Illustrations £10 10s,** with 60 pages of colour lithographs. **The Impressionist Painters £3 3s** by Maurice Serullaz documents, with 60 colour plates, those painters before, after, and around the movement as well as those inside it; ready October. An item for those in advertising and design is the **Annual of Advertising Art in Japan 1960 £4 10s,** an impressive collection from this country of brilliant graphic achievement. There is to be a book on the remarkable and decorative metal reliefs of the constructivist **Zoltan Kemeny £3 3s,** and smaller monographs will be available this autumn on **Picasso Sculptures 10s 6d, Arp 10s 6d, Richier 10s 6d, Chadwick 10s 6d, Armitage 10s 6d, Penalba 10s 6d** and **Cesar 10s 6d**

The Few

The Sky Suspended. By DREW MIDDLETON. *Secker & Warburg.* 16s.

The Battle of Britain. By EDWARD BISHOP. *Allen & Unwin.* 21s.

Books about the Battle of Britain stand apart from others dealing with World War II. Differences between Commanders in Fighter Command have not been fanned into recriminations; the tendency to debunk has not crept in. Indeed, though over the years the figure of enemy losses has shrunk, the anniversary celebrations have grown. These two latest books about the Battle are also more eager to praise than to criticise or appraise.

There are good reasons why this should be so. One is that the initial admiration for the courage and skill of those who fought it out with the Germans in the summer of 1940 was well justified. There is little that is phoney about flying aeroplanes, let alone fighting with them. Another reason, surely, is that the air fighting over Britain was as classically clear-cut a case of a country *defending* itself as we are likely to get. There is about as much in common between that battle and the concept of the Deterrent as there is between life and death.

One more reason maybe is that it was then Britain, and she alone, who was settling the world's affairs. And it is good to think back to that time. It is also good when an American looks back, as Mr Drew Middleton has done, so sensitively and appreciatively. Senator Kennedy's father may have shared the pessimism of many Americans at the time about Britain's prospects, but I confess that I find most moving the tributes paid by American commentators who shared some of our 1940 troubles.

But Mr Middleton makes it clear that the known facts upset the contented picture, which many hold, of a decisive victory of a few young men over an all-powerful air armada. The German Air Force was not designed to fight Britain. It was not intended as an independent force at all, but as flying artillery, in which role, of course, it had been frighteningly successful on the Continent. Ironically enough, the concept of the RAF as an independent bombing force meant that, in its turn, it was ill-prepared with fighter strength to counter the air attack when it came. Nor were the British fighters so superior as propaganda suggested. The Spitfire had a marginal superiority in speed, which later, for a period, it lost; but the majority of squadrons were equipped with the slower Hurricanes. And how strange to be reminded that there was actually a squadron of Gladiator biplanes in service in 1940!

For most people, the memory of that battle is not the vapour trails, but the chalked-up scoreboards outside the newsagents. How comforting the figures were! The Air Ministry claimed that between 10 July and 31 October 1940 a total of 2,698 German planes were destroyed. Records now show the actual figure to be 1,733. On the other hand, German claims totalled 3,058 British planes destroyed, against the truth of 915 RAF losses.

It would be intriguing to know in what proportion self-deception and faulty intelligence helped British radar and the fighter boys to defeat Germany. And both Middleton and Bishop suggest that Hitler's temper was the cause of one of the most decisive changes of fortune. On the night of 24 August 1940 a few German bombs fell on London's centre, apparently unintentionally. Churchill

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art books

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ordered a retaliatory (and comparatively token) raid on Berlin. Hitler shouted that he would 'rub out' our cities. The main weight of their attack shifted from the sensitive radar and control sector stations to the great sprawling flesh of London. A little extra effort and the former might have been broken; it needed far more than the Luftwaffe then had to break London.

Little is said here to settle the rights and wrongs of the so-called 'big wing' controversy. Dowding, the C-in-C Fighter Command, and Keith Park, the AOC of the key 11 Group, were intent on husbanding their meagre resources and getting a few fighters up quickly. Leigh-Mallory, commanding 12 Group, was all for marshalling massive forces and wiping the enemy out in a big way. Later in the battle, Park did in fact commit more squadrons and with success.

Maybe it might have been better if 11 Group had been a little less inclined to regard the struggle as their own private battle. Maybe this issue is yet to be debated in a bigger way. But the fact remains that Dowding did hand over his Command after victory.

Middleton relates the fluctuating fortunes of the air battle to the tantalising affair of the sea invasion that never was. What played the greater part in calling the whole thing off – Goering's pie-crust promises about breaking the RAF, or Hitler's indecision? Middleton emphasises that Hitler's heart was not in it. But precisely why? Surely it was his belief, which so many still express, that history would see Britain and Germany making common cause against Communism.

Mr Middleton doesn't go into all that, but he does give a good account of the period May 1940 to April 1941. I read that there was a contingent of airmen in this year's Battle of Britain march past who were born in the year 1940. To them this book will be especially valuable.

Mr Bishop's book includes bibliography, index, excellent photographs and many anecdotes. I found many of these latter unconvincing. It may be true that a comedian picked up a paper blown from Broadcasting House by a bomb and found it referring, in uncomplimentary terms, to himself. But it didn't impress me. Nor could Lord Beaverbrook have done such miracles with Spitfire production unless someone else had previously prepared jigs and tools. And whilst local colour usually helps, it seems wrong to describe how after the great air struggle over south east England on 15 September, 'office workers blinked their way out of the basements to take their lunch hour'. For one thing, on that sunny day, most people didn't make for the basements. And offices weren't open for 15 September 1940 was a Sunday. And a very important Sunday too.

FRANK BESWICK

Paul Scott

The Chinese Love Pavilion is incomparably the most moving and distinguished novel Paul Scott has written. It marks his arrival as a strong, mature writer working at the heights of his powers. Set in the Far East, it explores, through an exciting and violent action, the deep impulses hidden below the surface of men's lives and it ends in a climax no reader will forget. *18s.*

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POEMS contains Moraes best work written since *A Beginning*, for which he won the Hawthornden Prize. It will more than uphold his reputation as the finest poet of his generation. **Choice of the Poetry Book Society.** *10s. 6d.*

EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE

Historical Novels

Imperial Caesar. By REX WARNER. *Collins.* 18*s.*

The She-Wolf of France. By MAURICE DRUON. Trans. HUMPHREY HARE. *Hart-Davis.* 18*s.*

A Distant Trumpet. By PAUL HORGAN. *Macmillan.* 21*s.*

The past decade has witnessed a remarkable renaissance of the historical novel. The Zeitgeist is of course propitious. Just as the agonies of a long war disclosed new charms in Trollope, so Puritanias revive in our less heroic times. But the enhanced status of this genre of novel is largely due to the application of distinguished talents employing intelligently the refinements of historical scholarship and the resources of psychology. Mr Rex Warner, a fine classical scholar and an accomplished novelist, as old admirers of *The Professor* and *The Aerodrome* are aware, has now come over into Macedonia and rounded off the promise of *Young Caesar* with a brilliant story of Caesar's maturity and achievement. Caesar, by way of soliloquy in the sleepless, windy hours before the Ides of March, is reviewing his life from the time of his arrival in Cisalpine Gaul, through the agony of the Civil War to his current dictatorship – 15 years of campaigning and politics interspersed with asides on literature and philosophy and appraisals of his contemporaries, Cicero, Pompey, Brutus and Anthony.

Mr Warner's first outstanding achievement is to recapture the quality of Caesar's style. 'Bare, straightforward and graceful' was the description Cicero put into the mouth of Brutus; a simplicity more apparent than real, the fruit of deliberate artifice rather than the straightforward narrative of a simple soldier, and marked by a wry asperity and irony which save it from flatness. This is a remarkable feat and a nice tribute to the sensitivity of the author's scholarship. His second achievement seems to me to be the convincing revelation of Caesar's psychology. He has created a satisfying picture of a genius – general, writer, orator and statesman, a man of greater acumen and fortitude than any of his contemporaries who, while easily able to appraise their weaknesses and discern the cast of their minds, was unable to comprehend why they could never trust him. He could conceive of 'a kind of liberty, dependent in part on political institutions . . . so valuable that without it life would not be worth living' but not of the deep-seated conviction of Brutus, Cicero, Cato and the wretched Gauls that 'no amount of efficiency and happiness could make up for the loss of it'.

Mr Warner contrives to make his narrator reveal a moral realism combined with an unconscious moral obliquity even when he is communing with himself. 'I am a great respecter of all the decencies and am never unscrupulous unless it is absolutely necessary . . .' The moderation, clemency, propriety on which he prides himself are the product of policy and not of moral sanction. His Gallic war is a wanton aggression; he allows the massacre of 40,000 men, women and children at Avaricum '. . . the disposal of the dead bodies presented us with quite a serious problem.' Vercingetorix 'was a fine and resourceful soldier but an irreconcilable enemy. I kept him in chains until he could be shown in my triumph, after which he would be strangled.' Yet no sooner has one recoiled from such calculated brutality than one is dissolved in admiration at the spectacle of this bald-headed, tireless aristocrat shoring up the fragments of a disintegrating world. Anyone with the mildest inclination for *romanitas* will find this novel enthralling.

Maurice Druon has triumphantly crossed the Channel with *The She-Wolf of France*, another vivid fourteenth-century romance concerning the fortunes of Isabella, Edward II's Queen, and her paramour Roger Mortimer. The story opens with Mortimer's escape from the Tower of London, proceeds with his flight to France, the war against England in Aquitaine, Isabella's arrival to negotiate a peace treaty and her return to England with Mortimer, now her lover, and the young Prince Edward. Prince Edward is proclaimed keeper of the realm, the Despensers executed, Edward deposed and murdered in a peculiarly bestial fashion. The story incorporates an impressive picture of Papal Avignon and a magnificently sustained and moving account of the death of Charles of Valois. Druon has an intense historical imagination, the narrative power of Dumas and a deep devotion to historical accuracy, 'keeping as closely as I can to the truth about the actions of human beings', in his own words. The result is a vivid re-creation of the later Middle Ages in which savagery and courtliness, legalism and barbarity exist in strange contrast – a world in which privacy is unknown, unexplained plagues flourish unchecked, urchins amuse themselves by persuading village idiots to put their tongues on to frozen axe-blades, red hot pokers are inserted in living vitals and everyone is haunted by the cold smell of death. This novel is a worthy successor to *The Accursed Kings*.

A Distant Trumpet is a very long, leisurely, interesting novel about activities at Fort Delivery, Arizona, in the 1880's to which a young West Pointer, recently married, is posted with his wife on his first assignment. Six hundred pages about them, the fellow officers and their wives, the other ranks and the Apaches. I would have preferred less domesticity and more Indians but the author knows his business, is an authority on the South-West, has soaked himself in the material of his period and claims that while he has 'fitted events to his characters . . . a period and a scene have been enriched by general reference to known circumstances.' His claim is justified and he has achieved verisimilitude.

WILLIAM HUGHES

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JOHN MURRAY

A Selected List of Autumn and Winter Books

The books listed below are a selection from those which publishers hope to issue between now and March, excluding reprints and children's books. For reasons of space, we have had to leave out some titles announced for this period, which had already appeared in our selected list last spring. Some prices are, of necessity, provisional.

Art and Architecture

WAYNE ANDREWS: Architecture in America. *Thames & Hudson.* 84*s.*
ULLI BEIER: Art in Nigeria 1960. *Cambridge.* 18*s.* 6*d.* (paper 10*s.* 6*d.*)
OTTO BENESCH: Edvard Munch. *Phaidon.* 18*s.* 6*d.*
JOHN BERGER: Permanent Red. *Methuen.* 16*s.*
KENNETH CLARK: Looking at Pictures. *Murray.* 37*s.* 6*d.*
LE CORBUSIER: My Work. *Architectural Press.* 84*s.*
A. M. HAMMACHER: Jacques Lipchitz. *Thames & Hudson.* 84*s.*
MARCEL JEAN: The History of Surrealist Painting. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 84*s.*
COLIN MACINNES: Sidney Nolan. *Thames & Hudson.* 63*s.*
CECILY MACKWORTH: Guillaume Apollinaire and the Cubist Life. *Murray.* 25*s.*
ANDRÉ MALRAUX (Tr. STUART GILBERT): The Matamorphosis of the Gods. *Secker & Warburg.* 150*s.*
FRITZ NOVOTNY: Painting and Sculpture in Europe: 1790-1880. *Penguin.* 70*s.*
NELLO PONENTE: Modern Painting Vol. 2. *Zwemmer.* £9.
BRYAN ROBERTSON: Jackson Pollock. *Thames & Hudson.* 5 *gns.*

Autobiography

NICOLAS BENTLEY: A Version of the Truth. *Deutsch.* 15*s.*
DIANA COOPER: Trumpets from the Steep. *Hart-Davis.* 25*s.*
CLAUD COCKBURN: View from the West. *MacGibbon & Kee.* 21*s.*
KATHERINE DUNHAM: A Touch of Innocence. *Cassell.* 21*s.*
GEORGE GISSING and H. G. WELLS (Ed. ROYAL A. GETTMANN): Letters. *Hart-Davis.* 25*s.*
JOHN BAGOT GLUBB: War in the Desert. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 25*s.*
ARTHUR HORNER: Incorrigible Rebel. *MacGibbon & Kee.* 25*s.*
ALICIA MARKOVA: Giselle and I. *Barrie & Rockliff.* 25*s.*
FRANÇOIS MAURIAC (Tr. GERARD HOPKINS): Mémoires Intérieurs. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 21*s.*
JOHN MORRIS: Hired to Kill. *Hart-Davis* with *Cresset.* 25*s.*
PHILIP O'CONNOR: The Lower View. *Faber.* 16*s.*
VIOLET POWELL: Five Out of Six. *Heinemann.* 18*s.*
I. S. K. SOBOLEFF: Cossack at Large. *Davies.* 16*s.*
L. A. G. STRONG: Green Memory. *Methuen.* 30*s.*

Biography

REINHARD BENDIX: Max Weber. *Heinemann.* 30*s.*
MARY BENSON: Tshekedi Khama. *Faber.* 30*s.*
FRITIOF BILLQUIST: Garbo. *Barker.* 21*s.*
ELIZABETH COXHEAD: Lady Gregory. *Macmillan.* 30*s.*
ALAN DENT: Stella Patrick Campbell. *Museum.* 30*s.*
RICHARD LLOYD GEORGE: Lloyd George. *Muller.* 21*s.*
JOHN GRIERSON: Sir Hubert Wilkins. *Hale.* 21*s.*
ROBERT HENRIQUES: Marcus Samuel. *Barrie & Rockliff.* 42*s.*
H. MONTGOMERY HYDE: Sir Patrick Hastings. *Heinemann.* 21*s.*
THE EARL OF LYTTON: Wilfrid Scawen Blunt. *Macdonald.* 30*s.*
MARCEL MIGEO (Tr. HERMA BRIFFAULT): Saint-Exupéry. *Macdonald.* 25*s.*
LEONARD MOSLEY: Curzon: the End of an Epoch. *Longmans.* 30*s.*
NIGEL NICOLSON: Lord of The Isles: Leverhulme. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 30*s.*
DUMITRU NIMIGEANU: Hell Moved Its Border. *Blandford.* 12*s.* 6*d.*
JAMES ROOSEVELT and SYDNEY SHALET: Affectionately, F.D.R. *Harrap.* 25*s.*
GILBERT SPENCER: Stanley Spencer. *Gollancz.* 16*s.*
WILLIAM B. TODD (Ed.): Thomas J. Wise: Centenary Studies. *Nelson.* 21*s.*

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MICHAEL BOWLES: The Conductor. *Bell.* 21*s.*
BERTOLT BRECHT: Plays, Vol. I: The Caucasian Chalk Circle; The Threepenny Opera; The Life of Galileo; The Trial of Lucullus. *Methuen.* 25*s.*
E. J. BURTON: The British Theatre, 1100-1900. *Jenkins.* 25*s.*
VLADIMIR MAYAKOVSKY (Tr. MAX HAYWARD and GEORGE REAVEY): The Bedbug and Selected Poetry. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 21*s.*
SONIA MOORE: An Actor's Training: The Stanislavski Method. *Gollancz.* 15*s.*
JOHN MORTIMER: The Wrong Side of the Park. *Heinemann.* 12*s.* 6*d.*
FRITZ ROTHSCHILD: Musical Performance in the Times of Mozart and Beethoven. *A. & C. Black.* 38*s.*
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HILAIRE BELLOC: Advice. *Harvill.* 16*s.*
WOLFGANG CLEMEN: English Tragedy before Shakespeare. *Methuen.* 30*s.*
DONALD DAVIE: The Heyday of Sir Walter Scott. *Routledge.* 18*s.*
WILLIAM EMPSON: Milton's God. *Chatto & Windus.* 21*s.*
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ROBERT GIBSON: Modern French Poets on Poetry. *Cambridge.* 40*s.* (paper 25*s.*)
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The Great Reformist

V. S. PRITCHETT

In England, and, even more abroad, the novels of Dickens have for generations been used as historical authority on the condition of England during the first 50 years of the Victorian age. In countries now entering the industrial revolution, his novels are a sort of obligatory Old Testament; and for a large number of foreign readers the view of England is fixedly Dickensian until Galsworthy – of all people – alters it. The explanation is simple: he is the genius who carried within himself many of the contradictions of the basic violent experience of the modern world, including – this is very important – the desire not to recognise the experience! His novels appeal to something permanent in human nature: its belief in its own vague goodness, its belief in the good old times and the bad old times, and in a personal magic that can turn the bad into the good. He dealt, in short, in fantasy. We do not really see the world in black and white; but it is in the nature of our fantasy-producing mechanisms, so energising and so appeasing, to wish to do so. The other explanation of the appeal of Dickens is that he created a complete world, a complete phantasmagoria that reflected his entire age, including its aversion from itself. The refinements of Dickens are as alluring as his grotesques; we pass effortlessly from a nightmare of ill-will into a kind of Saturnalia of goodwill. Nancy, in Oliver Twist, is a prostitute and thieves' moll; she satisfied the Victorian reader because she enacts the character without at all conveying the brutal reality. Thereby she becomes, ideally speaking – and how else do reformers speak? – reformable. We enter into a tacit agreement to ignore half the facts.

In England – I surmise – Dickens is not now greatly read among the young; his appeal was to the feeling of a public whose pulse he marvellously knew and, subsequently, to a public addicted, as ours is not, to literary culture. But he has frequently been urged on novelists as an exemplar. This was particularly true in our Thirties and Forties, when social questions were to the fore. It was suggested to us that he was the prototype of the novelist with a conscience and who initiates and gives a lead. The suggestion provoked a most invaluable and scholarly work, *The Dickens World* by Mr Humphry House* which has been out of print for many years and is now happily reissued. It is a book of fundamental importance to those who consider Dickens as a leader or reformer. It goes thoroughly into the questions raised by the satire of Dickens and his social agitations, excepting those concerned with education and the law, and in the end we are left with a novelist who was neither Mr T. A. Jackson's Marxist nor George Orwell's kindly and irate little southern-English petty bourgeois. (There is, however, more of Orwell's Dickens than there is of Mr Jackson's.) Mr House's method was to compare what Dickens said with what other reformers or his critics were saying and to establish the fact upon which many of the Dickens fantasies were based.

We immediately see a Dickens who did not discover and did not lead. He exploited what was there. Genius, indeed, never arrives unless the ground has been well-prepared by others. Its originality is, by nature, visionary. The fundamental condition of Dickens' genius was his identification with his public; it resembled that of an actor with his audience. He could play on it, but not go beyond it. If Dickens had been a discoverer, a creator of new moral forms (Mr House points out) he would have been as unpopular as the earliest doctrinaires. He would have meant as little to the public as our own writers of the Thirties or Forties meant. He had no gift for general ideas. He hated organisations. He hated intellectual concepts like 'the masses' or 'the people'; but, as an artist, he appealed to something that escapes the conceptual – the public.

Confusion is the natural state of the public mind. It can be whipped up to indignation against the injustices of the past, yet believe in the good old times. It will call for new institutions, but ridicule institutions. It will admire virtue and yet, lazily, believe in luck. It hates to regard itself historically and, as Mr House says, Dickens had a poor sense of history, but a strong sense of time. It is well known that he drew enormously on his childhood and youth for his characters, but he moved his propaganda in on them, regardless of any unity in his art. Today, these transitions bore the reader; but the Victorian reader either did not notice or did not care, that the satire of the Circumlocution Office, which belongs to the period of the Crimean War, appeared in a novel set in the 1820's; and I must confess that the anachronism never troubled me. The propaganda of Dickens was – for the Victorian viewer – the admired 'commercial'; for, until the Fifties, we cannot doubt that the propaganda was, for many Victorian readers, the reason for reading him. A general fervour of indignation was tea and muffins to them. It was energetic, dramatic and exciting. But also appeasing, for as Mr House shows, Dickens was in strength when he was restrospective :

> Imprisonment for debt, which Dickens hammered at for over 20 years, had been attacked before he was born: his own father, after being in the Marshalsea, benefited by the Insolvent Debtors Act of 1813; and the whole question was being loudly canvassed when *Pickwick* came out. He was often even rather behind the times. His popularity as a moralist was thus enhanced by his habitual retrospection; his ante-dated plots took some of the sting out of his satire for those who wanted entertainment, and encouraged the mild exercise of historical comparison for those who cared for profit and instruction. His originality was not in his moral and sociological subjects themselves, but in the fact that he conveyed familiar topics of every kind into fiction.

The public was already exercised, by vivid press reports and the evidence before Select Committees, by the state of affairs in Saffron Hill. It was the familiarity that guaranteed the success of *Oliver Twist* – once the moral horror of the 'benevolent' Poor Law was added.

As one reads in Humphry House the quotations from Mill, from Dr Arnold, and Harriet Martineau, as one follows the arguments of positive Benthamism and distinctive Benthamism, and considers the awful, vulture-like wings of Malthus, hovering over the early and mid-Victorian heads, one recovers the sense of nightmare that nourished the genius of Dickens. One sees why his egotism and his hatred were so powerful. It has been argued that the Benevolence of Dickens was a sop; that it was the doctrine of not coming to terms; and that, in any case, it was the expression of an hysterical fear of revolution and the mob. There is no doubt that Dickens feared the mob as much as anyone of his class. But, behind Benevolence, there was a constant agitation for reform. It is usual for reformist movements to show more dissension than conservative, and if Dickens attacked the charities, it was because of the 'Malthusian attempt to limit the charities' and because of the new priggishness. On one subject he never wavered – the reform of the Poor Law. Calmer men, like Dr Arnold, lost their faith in the new Law of 1839 in less than five years.

Mr House draws a great deal on Dickens's journalism and his speeches, where he is, indeed, far more definite and outspoken than in novels. The examination shows that, insofar as his efforts were political, they failed. He deeply influenced the emotions of thousands of people, but emotions do not pass laws. No genuine attempt to meet his objections to the Poor Law was made, House notes, until 1905. Private persons were still imprisoned for debts over £20 until 1861. Compulsion on local authorities about Public Health only began in 1866. And so on. One laughs at the chaos and sloth Dickens described, but in reading Mr House's account one feels the real horror and confusion of mind. Mr House has the view that Dickens was, by nature, an authoritarian and exceptionally orderly man, and very practical with it; and that this temperament was fiercely attracted by the chaos he found everywhere. In a sense his laughter idealised it. As the century becomes more affluent, duller and regulated, so Dickens loses his comic genius; and his public, too, turned away from the propaganda that had once been their meat and drink. The violent times were over. Even the mob had been reformed, for when Dickens went north to study a strike in operation, he was astounded by the respectability of the proceedings. The first industrial revolution had been accomplished.

* *The Dickens World*. By HUMPHRY HOUSE. *Oxford*. 6s.

Mists

They do not need the moon for ghostliness
These mists jostling the boles,
These boy-wraiths and ogre-fumes
That hollow to a breasting walk;
They are harmless enough in all conscience,
Wetting eyelashes and growing moulds,
And do not speak at all, unless their walking flood
Is a kind of languid speech. Like ghosts
Dawn filches them for dews.
They wink at me from grasses pushed aside.
And impart a high polish to my shoes
That dry in dullness, milky, sloven leather,
From walking in ghostways where tall mists grope.

PETER REDGROVE

Portraits of a University

The Cambridge Year. By LOUIS T. STANLEY. *Chatto & Windus.* 30*s.*

Cambridge Life. By R. J. WHITE. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 25*s.*

The purpose of these two books is to convey to the general reader what Cambridge is like. Mr Stanley succeeds in one way, through charming and original photographs; the text of his book is incidental to the plates. Mr White succeeds in another way, through skilful and evocative writing; his book, too, has plates, but they are incidental to the text.

Cambridge is among the most relentlessly photographed towns in Britain. To photograph it once again without falling into pictorial clichés is no easy matter. Mr Stanley's book avoids pictorial clichés. He has discovered fresh ways of looking at Cambridge, but – and this is the merit of his photographs – it is the familiar Cambridge which he illuminates, not the quaint or the irrelevant or the curious. A bearded undergraduate outside King's; David's bookstall in the market; apple blossom at Granchester; spikes over a College gateway; punts alongside Clare gardens: it is through such scenes as these that Cambridge remains in the memory of thousands who have spent a precious three years there.

But Cambridge University cannot be apprehended through the eye alone. Indeed notoriously little of it is visible. It has to be experienced in depth. It has to be lived and studied. Its sights and sounds are meaningless except in the pattern of its history. It is this subtle, elusive Cambridge, the Cambridge (one is tempted to say) known only to dons, which Mr White puts vividly on record. It is all there: the brash chatter of undergraduates; the mock irony cultivated by supervisors toward their pupils; the allusive and astringent conversation of dons; the scholarship examiners' 'auction'; the agreeable caricature of a governing body meeting; the wryly humourous (though improbable) sketch of the Master at tea with his wife in the Lodge. The figures are as lively and busy as in a Breughel picture. And the background, too, is as carefully painted as in a Breughel picture: the tutor who works 48 weeks in the year; the east winds in February; the Fellows over dinner at high table having to lip-read one another's conversation because of the clatter of undergraduates; the parents who come to see the May races; even the coveys of young women from the Continent who swarm in Cambridge every summer to learn English. The quality of the writing will sustain those who do not know Cambridge; those who do will find it hard to put the book down.

Mr White writes a little nostalgically, as though his Cambridge (unlike the Cambridge photographed by Mr Stanley) is passing away. And indeed it is; superficially, at any rate. Changes have already come over the surface of this ancient university. Dons push prams at weekends; undergraduates pick peas in the summer vacation; masters (so it is whispered) wash dishes on the maid's night off. And, below this surface, much more profound changes are coming. The Welfare State in a massive current is carrying the university away from some of its secure and well-understood traditions. Responsibility for teaching, which a century ago rested almost exclusively with the Colleges, is now shared between College and University; and some iconoclasts are even questioning the value of supervisions. Hundreds of teaching officers in science and technology regard the laboratory, not the College, as the focus for their social as well as their professional life. A situation has arisen where scores of senior resident members of the university are not Fellows of Colleges; and some Colleges are said to feel that to enlarge their governing body would be to destroy their cohesion.

There is pressure not only to increase the senior membership of Colleges, but to increase their junior membership as well. There are unprecedented numbers of aspirants to enter Cambridge. Some say that the traditional criteria for admission cannot be applied to this multitude. Each College has its own technique for selecting undergraduates. There is endless talk about how to pick the 'right' men. The problem is how to define 'right': future Fellows of the Royal Society? Or future Cabinet ministers? Or future captains of industry? Or simply future public spirited citizens of high integrity? This problem, which used to be a private affair for each College to determine as it thought fit, has now become a matter of intense public interest, for the majority of undergraduates at Cambridge are supported from public funds.

These are some of the reasons for Mr White's uncertainty about the future. It is impossible to read his fascinating book without hoping that the problems which confront contemporary Cambridge will be solved, and solved by Cambridge itself (not by some Commission from outside) in such a way that the unique qualities of Cambridge are preserved. For they *are* unique and immensely worth preserving. Fortunately there is every sign that Cambridge intends to solve its own problems. The very fact that it is not monolithic in its administration (as modern universities tend to be) gives it a facility for self-reform. Of course there are still pockets of complacency and resistance to change; but there is no need to worry about these. Indeed they are useful, for they perform the function of hazards in golf: they oblige those who want to make changes in the university to play carefully. The history of the university demonstrates that it has maintained its integrity by constantly changing: change is not to be feared, it is to be controlled. Through controlled change the spirit of Cambridge which Mr White records so lovingly can be preserved.

ERIC ASHBY

A Good German

My Road to Berlin. By WILLY BRANDT, as told to LEO LANIA.

Herr Willy Brandt is what we used to call, with terrifying moral conceit (how many Englishmen ever saw the inside of a concentration camp?), a good German. Among Germans, a good German would probably be one who abstained from politics altogether: goodness is a private matter; there is no salvation, after Luther, in public works. To us, though, the good German was not the abstainer but the protestant, the man who rejected the bad old Germany of the drill sergeant, the *Junker*, the Ruhr Baron, and the Prussian schoolmaster. The only man to grip the British popular imagination in this way, after 1914, was Martin Niemöller; an odd fish politically, but an undoubted protestant. It looks very much as though Willy Brandt is to inherit his mantle as the good German *par excellence*.

It should be said at once that the claims made for Willy Brandt are perfectly sound – indeed, a good deal sounder than some that have been made for Niemöller. Willy Brandt did not begin life as U-boat captain and rampant German nationalist; he was born and bred in the German anti-Establishment. He is the illegitimate son of a Lübeck working-class girl; his childhood memories are of poverty and class-bitterness. His Socialism he imbibed, one could say with reason, with his mother's milk; his grandfather, a lifelong militant, would tell him stories of the great August Bebel, who had founded the SPD back in the early Seventies. As a youth he won the friendship of that fine Socialist Julius Leber, who was later executed as one of the leaders of the 20 July plot against Hitler. When the Nazis seized power (he was just 20), Brandt fled to Norway and carried on the political struggle both from abroad and, illegally, in Germany itself. He covered the Spanish civil war for Scandinavian left-wing papers; and was active for many years in the Norwegian Labour movement. In April 1940 Brandt escaped from the Gestapo in Norwegian uniform and fled to neutral Stockholm. After the war, faced with the choice of returning to defeated and starving Germany, or accepting a soft diplomatic post from his friends in the Norwegian government, he chose Berlin and a troubled life. It is an honourable record, if there ever was one.

It may yet do him harm, of course. There is already a whispering campaign in Germany to the effect that 'Brandt fought against German troops in Allied uniform'. And to have sympathised with Republican Spain is enough, in Germany today, to brand a man as a Communist. Will Dr Adenauer be scrupulous enough to discourage this campaign? Perhaps he will – certainly he must realise that he cannot hope to outbid Brandt as an anti-Communist. Brandt's strongest political card will be simply his prestige as the champion of Free Berlin. Dr Adenauer's attack is likely, therefore, to be concentrated on Brandt's equivocation about the nuclear arming of the *Bundeswehr*, and on Brandt's 'youth' (it will be a comic spectacle to watch this man of 84 solemnly declaring his 48 year-old rival too young for the job – especially with a Kennedy or a Nixon in the White House). But, as the hero of Berlin, he may yet win. He has been built up into what Gertrude Stein called a 'publicity saint': a man who is not expected to do, but merely to be.

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Just published *by Odhams*

This is not intended as a criticism of Brandt, but of the publicity machine that has him in its grip. This book is clear evidence of it: it is Brandt's story 'as told to Leo Lania'; it is not so much a biography, as an essay in public relations (and, except for the translation, which is disgraceful, a very competent one). I am sure that the picture the book gives of Brandt is essentially truthful; this is Brandt's public image, and the facts of his career support it. But they fail to add up, somehow, to a person. It is clear, from his past actions, that Willy Brandt is a man of strong personal conviction and remarkable personal courage. His Socialism is perhaps no longer the ardent revolutionary faith of his early years in Lübeck (it is perhaps best described as 'Scandinavian'), but it is clearly a deeply held conviction. A victory for Brandt next year at the polls would mean that, for once, German democracy would be in the hands of a believing democrat. The book does not tell us this; we have to guess at the hard core underneath. But there is, in fact, a person – and a very shrewd, honest and tough-minded one – behind the PR man's mess of platitudes.

JOHN MANDER

Chances of Life

Letters from a Soldier. By WALTER ROBSON. *Faber. 16s.*

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The Centre of Things. By PAUL EINZIG. *Hutchinson. 30s.*

Stranger Within. By FRANCIS OPPENHEIMER. *Faber. 42s.*

Four pieces of autobiography, one of them unwitting and partly because of this so much better than the others as to exist on an altogether different level. Lance-Corporal Robson, a stretcher-bearer in the Royal West Kent Regiment, fought his way along the North African coast and up the backbone of Italy, *via* Cassino, as far as the outskirts of Florence. In December 1944 he was sent to Greece, and there, having surived most of his mates, died suddenly of pulmonary tuberculosis. The letters now published are a selection from those written to the wife he had married less than two months before he was sent abroad.

I wish Mr Henry Williamson, in his introduction, could have told us more about Robson. He had left school at 14 and had been, one guesses, a clerk. A Socialist, he knew what he was fighting for; he was a reading man, and something of an artist, in demand as the battalion caricaturist – again, one wishes some of his sketches could have been reproduced. Above all, he was a natural writer who responded to the scenes and people he met with an immediacy and vividness of apprehension reminiscent at times of the young D. H. Lawrence. With this went a singular beauty of moral character obviously unconscious of itself. These are a soldier's letters that stand side by side with Wilfred Owen's. I can think of no higher praise.

Inevitably, Robson's book makes the others I am reviewing appear by comparison pompous and high-falutin, solemn about trivialities, even Lionel Fielden's. Sir Francis Oppenheimer has done the state some service. The best thing about his book is the title, but the implications are not drawn out. Sir Francis was born in 1870, the son of a German-Jewish business man who became a British subject and then retired to Frankfurt as honorary British Consul-General. Though born in England, Sir Francis was brought up in Germany, and his only association of any length with England was as an undergraduate at Balliol under Jowett. From there, he went to Paris to become an art student and at the age of 29 was appointed British Consul-General at Frankfurt in succession to his father. He was indefatigable in his purely honorary duties, and when war broke out was appointed Commercial Attaché at The Hague, where his work was mainly with the Allied blockade of Europe. He was a patriotic Englishman but he had a German name, and in the end-of-war hysteria he was axed from the Foreign Service. His grievances are legitimate, but they are 40 years old, and one can't feel as indignant as one doubtless should.

Dr Einzig arrived in England in 1919 as a very young man from Rumania. He was a financial journalist, and London was the financial centre of the world. Two days after his arrival, he sold an article to the *Economist*, within two months one to the *Economic Journal*. Within two years, he was Paris correspondent of the *Financial News*, within four Foreign Editor. His is a success-story of the good old kind. We learn almost nothing of his life outside journalism: perhaps he hasn't had one. The best things in the book are his reminiscences of Brendan Bracken and Keynes.

Lionel Fielden has been everywhere, done everything and met everyone. He was at Gallipoli as a junior officer; he was in at the birth of the League of Nations; he was Nansen's personal assistant in Greece; he was one of the pioneers of BBC talks; he founded All-India Radio and counted Gandhi and Nehru among his friends. He has now, as it were, opted out and lives permanently in Italy. No doubt about it, he is a character of a recognisable, valuable and most attractive kind: the Etonian Tory-anarchist. His feelings seem to be almost invariably right, the intellectual conclusions he draws from them almost invariably wrong. He is homosexual and makes no bones about it. He writes with a fine exasperation with himself and with the world: he should, he thinks, have been a painter, even though he might never have been a good one. He is the least complacent of men. He ought, if there were justice in the world, to have written a good book, but though it begins brilliantly, he hasn't – I suspect because of the lack of discipline Sir Eric Drummond diagnosed in him almost 40 years ago.

WALTER ALLEN

New Novels

We Think the World of You. By J. R. ACKERLEY. *Bodley Head. 12s. 6d.*

Through Streets Broad and Narrow. By GABRIEL FIELDING. *Hutchinson. 18s.*

The Venus of Konpara. By JOHN MASTERS. *Joseph. 16s.*

The Age of Bronze. By RODIS ROUFOS. *Heinemann. 18s.*

Even if we don't do so already many of us are going to think the world of Mr Ackerley after reading his beautiful and superbly executed novel, *We Think the World of You*. Only 150 pages long, each page seems to glow with what is written between the lines as well as with what is written on them, and the final impression is not of a 'minor classic' but of a full-scale work of fine, living fiction.

The story is narrated by Frank, middle-aged bachelor and minor civil servant. With splendid dignity and tact he tells us about his friendship with Johnny, the son of his ex-char Millie now living with her fifth husband in Stratford. The time is postwar: ration books, clothing coupons. Johnny, handsome and from what we see and hear of him very likeable, ex-butcher boy, ex-sailor, married to tough little Megan (whom nobody likes much) is in prison for theft. Everybody thinks the world of Johnny and Johnny thinks the world of Frank. He also thinks the world of his dog Evie, and it is around this outsize, repressed yet irrepressible animal that the plot revolves.

While her owner is in the Scrubs, Evie is housed at Millie's place in Stratford in conditions reflecting Johnny's own imprisonment. Frank wants to get her out of it, at first because he is sorry for the dog, later because she begins to exercise her special influence over him. There ensues a battle of wits between Frank, Millie and Megan as exciting as anything I have read for a long time, and Mr Ackerley's account of it is, I believe, as wise in conception as it is masterly in execution.

When the under-privileged have dealings with the privileged their inarticulateness often creates an illusion of stubborn foolishness, but Millie, her husband Tom, and her daughter-in-law Megan, know exactly what they are doing, and what they are doing is far from foolish. Johnny's imprisonment is the opportunity Megan needs to lay proper claim to him, to get him away from Frank. The fight for possession of Evie is nothing less than the fight for possession of Johnny, and a man like Frank, for all his kindness and decency, has no claim at all. Underneath these enchanting, funny and wonderfully entertaining scenes we are having a look at the whole sad human business of wanting to be oneself, to own but not to be owned. Perhaps Evie comes out of it best. She makes her choice of master but even so manages to

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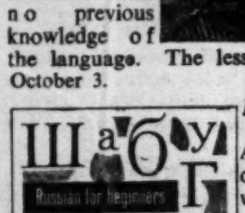

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convey the canine misery of having to choose at all. I am a cat man, not a dog man, but – what a brilliant book this is!

In *Through Streets Broad and Narrow*, Gabriel Fielding continues the story of the Blaydon family which he began in *Brotherly Love* – one of the best novels written since the war, in my opinion. That odd and uncomfortable Jew, Horab Greenbloom, who made his first appearance in the last Blaydon book, *In the Time of Greenbloom*, makes two further appearances in this new novel, one of them with a faintly damp squib effect but the other devastatingly – cornering a Nazi press *attaché* with a carving knife at a wartime party in Eire.

Young John Blaydon is in Dublin as a medical student, and if at first reading his exploits strike us as lacking the authentic Blaydon fire of tortured Anglo-Catholic conscience (which worked with such superb effect in *Brotherly Love* – for instance when Mrs. Blaydon scattered the contraceptives found in her dead priest son's room) this may be because John has never before really taken the centre of the stage and, as a Blaydon, is potentially a heretic, the possessor of feet which may take him along the road to Rome.

Meanwhile he pursues women and fame as a speaker. The medical background is, as it always must be, fascinating, and I am sure it is to misunderstand Mr Fielding's final intentions in regard to the series as a whole to feel that less is made of it than one would have liked. At its face value this is the story of a young man's failure to qualify, of his failure as a lover, of his failure as a friend, but of his partial success in the struggle towards maturity. We shall see better what it is underneath when the Blaydon books, with *Brotherly Love* as their spectacular prologue, are finished. I suppose you could enjoy *Through Streets Broad and Narrow* without having read the earlier books; Mr Fielding has very skilfully conveyed what of the past history must absolutely be conveyed – but a series is a series, and who would really want to read *Balthazar* before *Justine*, or *At Lady Molly's* before *A Question of Upbringing?* Similarly, who can really assess the value of work-in-progress? Patience is needed before we can begin to judge the nature of a genius or talent. Meanwhile in the lush and boggy landscape of much English fiction Mr Fielding looms like an iron mountain.

After Mr Ackerley's and Mr Fielding's performances the two other books on my list are disappointing. Mr Masters – of whose previous books I have only read *Coromandel* – must, I suspect, be a bit off-form in *The Venus of Konpara*. This is a mystic and romantic adventure novel: the setting is 19th-century India. The characters include a voluptuous *nautch* girl, an impotent Resident, a Sandhurst-trained Indian princeling and an archaeologist. There is hidden gold and an ancient Dravidian mystery to set the pulse of the narrative going at a great rate, but I thought it lacked heart.

Rodis Roufis, a Greek novelist (writing here in English maybe, since I see no translation credit), dedicates *The Age of Bronze* to those who Chose Freedom. It is a documentary account of certain aspects of the troubles in Cyprus. Political conflict is poor stuff for a novel unless it is conveyed in the passions of men and women. The only episode which struck me as having this kind of passion was that in which the entire female population of a village set about some English soldiers who are torturing their men who had shot an English private who had killed a Greek who had blown up a British Officer, (something like that). Terrorism, these women seemed to be saying, is not enough. I agree.

PAUL SCOTT

Music Round-up

The new *History of Song*, edited by Denis Stevens (Hutchinson, 63s.), is a finely produced volume with many music examples. There are nine contributors. The main division is between the first quarter of the book, in which the middle ages and the Renaissance are admirably considered by Gilbert Reaney and Denis Stevens respectively, and the remaining threequarters broadly titled 'The Modern Period'. The opening sentence of this main section is indeed arresting: 'There are no important Belgian composers of the seventeenth century'. This is the result of dividing 'The modern period' into national schools and arranging them in alphabetical order. Albania having been omitted, we begin with Belgium. A few of the articles are little more than catalogues in which criticism and analysis are replaced by such formulæ as 'According to W the songs of X reveal great Y and Z'. Fortunately most of the material is of a higher standard. Gerald Abraham's three articles contain much that is not easily accessible elsewhere. Arthur Jacobs contributes a thorough and readable survey of the English scene, and Hans Nathan is usefully and critically detailed on American song. As a whole, the book amounts to something less than a history, but at its best it is a good and even attractive source of reference.

Sigmund Spaeth's *A History of Popular Music in America* (Phoenix, 45s.) is in no sense critical or technical, but it contains a great deal of documentary relevance: A work of wider scholarship is Professor Westrup's and Dr Harrison's *Music Encyclopedia* (Collins, 42s.). In many ways this is an outstanding publication. For a popular dictionary it is unusually and invaluably strong in its treatment of early music; and it is unique in its use of music examples – a great advantage it has over its most formidable American rival.

There are two books on problems of style and technique. Edmund Rubbra's excellent little treatise, *Counterpoint* (Hutchinson, 12s. 6d.) has the great virtue of being historically comprehensive without being schematic. Contrapuntal practice is always discussed in the light of concrete affinities which may link remote as well as neighbouring periods. A similar comprehensiveness differently expressed for different ends distinguishes a compilation of miscellaneous articles and scripts by Leonard Bernstein, entitled *The Joy of Music* (Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 25s.). The necessarily chatty tone of the book will not recommend it to professional circles, but it is there rather than with the broad public that the book could do most good. It is necessary to discriminate between the corybantics of a public performer and the underlying insights which occasionally uncover the golden truth in a new way. Virgil Thomson, in an excellent review of the book, remarked that Bernstein's attitudes are resolutely middle-brow. This is true enough, but it requires the rider that Bernstein's middle-brow revolution attempts to promote the advent of a brow-less society. The aim is worth consideration.

DAVID DREW

Week-end Competition

No. 1,597 Set by Trimalchio

The usual prizes are offered for an entry from the *Good Food Guide* for any restaurant or inn in the British Isles for any one of the following years: 55 BC; AD 100; AD 800; AD 1150; AD 1600; AD 1700; AD 1800; AD 3000. Limit 120 words. Entries by 11 October.

Result of No. 1,594 Set by Peter Pimlico

The following appeared in *The Times* personal column last week:

> Titled persons interested in being appointed a director of a subsidiary in Great Britain of an International Group should write giving full particulars in strictest confidence to the Managing Director . . .

The usual prizes are offered for replies from Jane Austen's Lady Catherine de Bourgh, Thackeray's Marquess of Steyne, Trollope's Duke of Omnium, Henry James's Lord Warburton, Oscar Wilde's Lady Bracknell, Aldous Huxley's Lord Edward Tantamount, Evelyn Waugh's Margot Metroland, Nancy Mitford's Lord Radlett (Uncle Matthew), or Dorothy Sayers's Lord Peter Wimsey. Limit 100 words.

Report

Lady Catherine de Bourgh, often writing through her secretary the Rev. Mr. Collins, was the most frequent applicant. There were some very nice touches among them: J. Jhirad's 'Though not generally supporting the shadiness of anonymity I reply to your advertisement in *The Times* reposing my confidence in the gentility of that journal'; I. M. Dornan's 'I send no particulars, I give no references'; and P. W. R. Foot's 'No de Bourgh was ever associated with anything "subsidiary". We must alter that'. There was, too, a large number of Lady Bracknells, with less happy results. There was no Marquess of Steyne or Lord Edward Tantamount, and Dukes of Omnium, Lord Edward Tantamounts and Peter Wimseys were disappointing. A guinea each for entries printed.

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I remain, dear sir, your, and Lady Catherine's, most obedient servant,

William Collins.

PAT HORNER

I am the Lady Catherine de Bourgh. You will, of course, require no further information, and I am graciously pleased hereby to signify my acceptance of the directorship you offer.

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Lord Bracknell is obviously the person you seek. As he has never been permitted to express an opinion on any subject whatever, nor, in fact, has he ever indicated a desire to do so, he is admirably fitted for the appointment. He is, I am glad to say, quite uninformed on matters of commerce.

I require satisfactory answers to the enclosed questionnaire before proceeding.

P.R.B.

UNCLE MATTHEW

One has to be broad-minded these days, dammit, so I'll come in – provided you don't expect me to waste my time fussing about indoors with little bits of paper; also that the board does not include any of the following: Frogs, Wogs, Wops, Jews, Jehovah's Witnesses, Huns, Homosexuals, Poets, Papists, Mormons, Musicians, sewers from Oxford or the British Council, Stockbrokers, Yanks, Niggers, Beatniks, Bankers, bloody Russians, Dissenters, Dagoes, Women, Trade Unionists, Cubans, Actors, Plymouth Brethren, Picasso, Psychiatrists, Commies, Colonials, these Congolese swine, etc.

I have no objection, of course, to *normal* people.

MARTIN FAGG

MARGOT METROLAND

Darling, – Of course I don't know what sort of organisation yours is, but International Group sounds absolutely right, I mean I've had loads of experience (this is in the strictest confidence, mind you) connected with Latin-American Entertainments Ltd, and if it's anything like *that* you can be sure my name will mean *quite a lot* to people interested. But it's not always advisable to write things down, is it, especially after that Marseilles affair. Perhaps we could arrange a meeting, at the Ritz or somewhere, and get together? I mean, it's best to make sure, isn't it!

J. A. LINDON

The Countryside

EDWARD HYAMS

In the months of August and September I enjoy my annual indulgence of feeling immensely rich. I get this pleasant sensation by looking at the bowls of fruit we are able to bring to table.

I like money and bought things as much as anyone; perhaps more than most; yet a large cheque does not make me feel rich. A bowl of peaches, however, of figs and pears, topped with a handsome bunch of amber-green muscat grapes and supported by side dishes of diverse melons, makes me feel like a millionaire. This is because certain kinds of fruit are associated in my mind with such ideas as succession hot-houses, Scotch head gardeners, 20 under-gardeners.

Literature has more impact than life: I owe the agreeable feelings aroused and sustained in me by the sight of a bowl of flawless fruit to the memory of General Tilney complaining to Catherine Moreland that 'The utmost care could not always secure the most valuable fruits. The pinery had yielded only one hundred in the last year'.

There is also the satisfaction of having grown the fruit oneself, of having planted and tended every tree and bush. For it is not a bit of use economists insisting that it is better to spend an hour keeping a ledger or operating a capstan lathe in order to buy a pound of South African peaches, than to spend many hours growing them yourself. It quite manifestly is not. If there is one occupation pleasanter than growing fruit, it is finding it wild. The recreations of men rich enough to be free are the gainful occupations of their Palaeolithic ancestors; and of those well-paid enough to own a few rods of land, the toil and moil of their peasant grandfathers.

* * *

We had an American newspaper man in the house at a between-meals time of day, and offered him fruit. He was astonished to discover that we could grow peaches and figs. Of figs he ate six, being, like Plato, a *philosuko*. I, meanwhile, played the part of sycophant, that is a fig-informer, prompted to it by our guest wondering how we managed to fertilise the figs in England. In his own country, when figs were first taken there and planted, most of them remained barren: no trouble had been taken to import only those parthenocarpic varieties which, in England, have for some centuries enabled us to dispense with the ceremony of caprification and the services of that industrious insect *Blastophaega psenes*. It was the Italian peasantry who introduced the Americans to *Blastophaega*, the fig-wasp, which is small enough to crawl down the tube from the eye of the figlet to the flower at its heart, bearing pollen from the caprifigs. Introduced into California and established after the third attempt, the fig-wasp for a century or more played its profitable part in the development of the US economy. Only recently have its services become redundant, with the development of a 'hormone' spray which does duty for pollen.

Commercial peach growers have been more or less put out of business in England by cheap imported peaches. Their quality is inferior, but you cannot have quality and quantity: it is perhaps fortunate that caviar is caviar to the general. But commercial fig-growers – the centre of the business was Worthing – were put out of business by a change in taste: people believe that they dislike green figs without troubling to taste them.

* * *

We do not depend on selling fruit for a living, since what we practise is subsistence horticulture, selling our surplus, like a peasant of the Touraine. Consequently we can enjoy the pleasure of giving fruit away. But both commercial fruit-growers and commercial flower-growers of my acquaintance, who are dependent on their growings, do the same, and I am not sure but that their guests, if sent away empty-handed, would not feel hard done by. It is odd that people are more generous with what they have grown than with what they have bought; and that such generosity is almost expected of them; and that they would hate to give it up. Why? Not one of my stock-broking or banking friends has ever given me a small portfolio of shares or a few newly minted coins as I said good-bye on his threshold. Authors give one their books, artists make a drawing of one's wife without thought of payment, musicians sit down at the piano and generously give away guineas' worth of their living. Yet a man I know well who makes motorcars has never given me so much as a spare wheel.

However, in the country too, the mean and grasping spirit which is the *sine qua non* of successful industry and commerce, has made its way. And if fruit-growers are still generous with their apples and pears I fancy it is because well-grown fruit is beautiful to look at, so that the grower at harvest time has the incomparably satisfying feeling of the successful artist and, for a while, the artist's superior nature.

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City Lights

TAURUS

The City, worried and schoolmaster-minded again with the autumn, has an uneasy feeling that things are not quite under control; the newspapers are full of the Congo, and the zany jollity of Krushchev and Castro, and the sulking lethargy of America, but nothing seems to be moving satisfactorily forward. Europe is in the melting-pot again – the meeting of Commonwealth Finance Ministers seems only to have made the situation more complicated – and nothing decisive seems likely to come out of the new negotiations for months to come. It is to be hoped that the enthusiasm of the Europeans will not be entirely dissipated in uncertainty and delay. The annual meeting of the International Monetary Fund appears to be producing little but the expected speeches. The delegates have agreed to play down the importance of the US loss of gold which is worrying Wall Street so much at the moment. They are urging Germany once again to cease hogging the world's gold and listening politely to Dr. Erhard's vague promises of improvement. They are hinting that Italy has quietly accumulated enough gold to afford grown-up responsibilities. And nothing much else.

The British delegation, no doubt, will keep itself to itself as far as possible, knowing that we are sufficiently in Dr. Jacobsson's favour to get a loan when we want it, comfortably reading over to itself the statement in the report that 'net movements of funds between markets seem not to have been large' and that 'there has been no vast movement of "hot money" such as often exerted a disturbing influence in the inter-war period'. The balance of payments figures for the second quarter of 1960, before the latest rush of hot money really got under way, show a current trading deficit of £9m to compare with last year's £96m surplus. The deficit is no worse than might have been expected from figures already published, but news of it has increased the general feeling that something is wrong.

* * *

The uneasiness of the stock market has been aggravated by a flock of new issues. In actual volume, the demand for new capital so far this year has been only moderately larger than in 1959 but there is a danger that the squeeze on bank advances will be suddenly tightened during the next few months and that investors will be asked to put up the money instead. A number of sizeable issue announcements this week – and a larger number of prospectuses in Monday's papers than ever before – underlined this risk. Investors, like banks, must hope that the motor industry will soon persuade the government to ease its credit restrictions.

* * *

The news that General Electric and English Electric are discussing the possibility of a merger is both surprising and not surprising. General Electric has been suffering more acutely than the other big electrical groups from the troubles which afflict them all, and the City has long been half-expecting it to link up with somebody else;

"Didst not thou agree with me for a penny?"

(Matthew 20: verse 13)

By the letter "d" from ½d. upwards, we perpetuate the word "denarius" which for centuries could reasonably be translated as "penny" and which from Roman times was an acceptable day's pay.

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the latest discussions may even have been encouraged by the distasteful possibility, canvassed in the newspapers a few weeks ago, of a bid from Electric & Musical. The surprise lies in the fact that the merger under consideration is between two of the electrical big three, two firms roughly equal in size and with equally wide ranges of products.

English Electric is interested in aeroplanes, engines and missiles, General Electric is the country's largest lamp manufacturer: but the bulk of both groups' output, from nuclear power stations to domestic appliances, is very similar. No doubt there is scope for economy by dividing interest, concentrating production and getting rid of unnecessary plant, but the difficulties of the big three electrical groups seem to have arisen largely from their sheer size and diversity. Doubling up to produce a group even larger and more diverse than Associated Electrical is an odd way to go about solving them.

EMI, baulked of General Electric, has consoled itself with another bid – a £600,000 share exchange offer for Ardente. Ardente, a private company makes deaf-aids, and the specialist business in miniature components it has developed is of particular interest to EMI. And another of the City's independent merchant banks is disappearing. Balfour Williamson began in 1850 and now conducts every conceivable sort of financial and merchanting business in South America. The family approached the Bank of London & South America, and Balfour Williamson is changing hands for £3¼m.

Company News

It is becoming more common for companies to pass their dividends, but the market was shaken by the news that *Cementation* is to do so: profits have dropped from £1.14m to £425,000 and results for this year show no improvement.

The half-year results of *Imperial Chemical*, by contrast, were even better than the optimists had hoped. Group sales of £288m in the first half of 1960 were 15 per cent higher than a year before, and profits after depreciation no less than 50 per cent higher: rising turnover has clearly had a marked effect on profit margins. The interim dividend is increased from 3¼ to 6½ per cent, and, although the increase is mainly to narrow the gap between interim and final payments, shareholders are now looking forward to a minimum total of 12½ per cent.

Mr Clore has raised £13m from the Pru to help finance the expansion of *City & Central Investments*: the Pru has bought ten per cent of the company's equity, and the shares have soared.

British Petroleum has announced the terms of its offer for *Apex*, the Trinidad producer: they turn out to be a good deal less exciting than the market had hoped.

Tootal has used a large part of its surplus cash in buying a paper-making firm which will increase its earnings by half.

London Grocers has joined in the bidding for Macowards, the Cardiff store group; it remains to be seen whether its offer will be made in the non-voting shares of which the board disapproved so heartily in the case of its rival.

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The Chess Board

No. 568. Stalwart Of The Past

Ever since I began to use the coincidence of anniversaries for remembering some of the giants of the past I have been exhorted by readers to continue the practice. Well, it's almost exactly 110 years since Mikhail Ivanovitch Tchigorin was born and it was 80 years ago that he founded the Petersburg chess club which, under his guidance or in his honour, was to promote some of the greatest tournaments and matches in chess history. Contemporary Soviet grandmasters are very proud of their 'ancestor' and for some time now there has been a sort of Tchigorin revival in the USSR, refuting (with sound arguments) the all too superficial assumption of Tchigorin, the old-fashioned and hell-for-leather reactionary, unequal to the modernism of Steinitz's positional ideas. Tchigorin certainly could play very fine positional chess, such as (Black against Schlechter at Cambridge Springs 1904) in this game in which he consistently nursed and exploited his endgame advantage of the P majority on the Q-wing while coolly weathering the storm of Schlechter's K-wing attack and pocketing an isolated pawn in the process.

1) P-K4, P-K4; 2) Kt-KB3, Kt-QB3; 3) B-Kt5, P-QR3; 4) B-R4, Kt-B3; 5) 0-0, B-K2; 6) R-K1, P-QKt4; 7) B-Kt3, P-Q3; 8) P-B3, 0-0; 9) P-KR3, B-K3; 10) P-Q4, PxP; 11) PxP, BxB; 12) QxB, Kt-QR4; 13) Q-Q3, P-B4; 14) Kt-B3, Kt-B3; 15) B-Kt5, P-R3; 16) B-R4, R-K1; 17) QR-Q1, P-B5!; 18) Q-Kt1, Kt-QKt5; 19) P-K5, Kt(3)-Q4; 20) BxB, QxB; 21) KtxKt, KtxKt; 22) R-K4, Kt-B3; 23) R-R4, PxP; 24) PxP, Kt-Q2; 25) R-K1, Kt-B4; 26) R-Kt4, Kt-Q6; 27) R-K3, Q-B4; 28) Q-B2, KtxKP; 29) KtxKt, RxKt; 30) R(3)-KKt3, P-Kt4; 31) P-KR4, K-Kt2; 32) PxP, PxP; 33) P-Kt4 [A little trap, the idea being . . . PxP e.p.??; 34) RxP ch, RxR; 35) QxQ], R-K8 ch; 34) K-R2, R-R1 ch; 35) R-R3, RxR ch; 36) KxR, Q-K4; 37) P-Kt3, P-B3; 38) Q-Q2, Q-K7; 39) Q-K7 ch, K-Kt3; 40) Resigns.

This is one of a good many games to prove that modern Soviet grandmasters aren't prompted by sentimental reasons only when extolling Tchigorin as their predecessor; he was, indeed, blessed by their very own and happy blend of *panache* and sound positional judgment.

Now here, White against Caro and allowing his own King to be chased all across the board Tchigorin excells in his customary role of the intrepid attacker and a perennial winner of brilliancy prizes.

1) P-K4, P-K4; 2) Kt-QB3, Kt-KB3; 3) P-B4, P-Q4; 4) P-Q3, B-QKt5; 5) PxP, KtxP !?!; 6) PxKt, Q-R5 ch; 7) K-K2, BxKt; 8) PxB, B-Kt5 ch; 9) Kt-B3, PxP; 10) Q-Q4!, B-R4; 11) K-K3, BxKt; 12) B-Kt5 ch!, P-B3; 13) PxB, Q-R3 ch; 14) KxP, Q-Kt3 ch; 15) K-K3, PxB; 16) B-R3, Kt-B3; 17) Q-Q5, QxP; 18) QR-QB1, Q-B4; 19) KR-K1, R-Q1; 20) QxKtP, P-QR3; 21) Q-Kt1, Q-Kt4 ch; 22) P-B4, Q-Kt7; 23) B-Q6! [So as to give the K an escape route via Q5], Q-R6 ch; 24) K-K4, P-B4 ch; 25) K-Q5, Q-Kt7 ch; 26) K-B4, P-Kt4 ch; 27) K-Q3, Q-B6 ch; 28) K-B2, Q-B7 ch; 29) K-Kt3, R-QB1; 30) R-B2, QxBP; 31) K-Kt2, Kt-R4; 32) K-R1, Q-QB5; 33) P-K6! [Now it's his turn!], Kt-B3; 34) Q-Q1, P-KR4; 35) R-Kt1, R-R2; and how now quite a fell blow forced immediate resignation may serve as A, the 4-pointer for beginners.

Here (Black against Gunsberg, 1890) is a position in which Tchigorin forced the win most beautifully. /6k1/7r/p1kt1p1pq/1pp1p3/4PrPb/PP1P1P2/1B2Q1K1/1BR4R/.

1) . . . RxBP!!; 2) QxR [RxB would be defeated by . . . R-Kt6 ch! etc.] Q-Q7 ch; 3) K-Kt1, B-B7 ch!; 4) K-B1 (forced), Kt-Q5!!; 5) BxKt, QxR ch; 6) K-K2, RxR; 7) BxB, QxB and won.

For 6 & 7 ladder-points **B** and **C** have this in common: they are both by famous Russian composers, both draws and both very neat indeed.

Usual prizes. Entries by 10 October.

B: A. S. Selesniev, 1919: /24/4P3/kt7/3K2kp/8/2Kt5/.

C: A. Kovalenko, 1927: /8/1K6,8,k4p2,4pp2/8/4PP2/8/.

REPORT on No. 565. Set 10 September

A: (1) R-K7!, QxR; (2) KtxB etc.
B: (1) K-Kt4!, K-Kt1 (forced); (2) K-B5, K-B2; (3) K-Q6, K-K1; (4) P-B5, Q-Q1; (5) P-B6!, PxP stalemate.
C: (1) Kt-B7 ch, K-R2; (2) P-K7, R-Q8 ch; (3) K-R2, R-K8; (4) P-B7, B-B4; (5) Kt-Kt5 ch, K any; (6) Kt-K6! etc. Or (1) . . . K-Kt3; (2) P-B7, R-QB4; (3) Kt-K5 ch!, K-Kt4; (4) P-K7, B-R5; (5) Kt-B6! etc.

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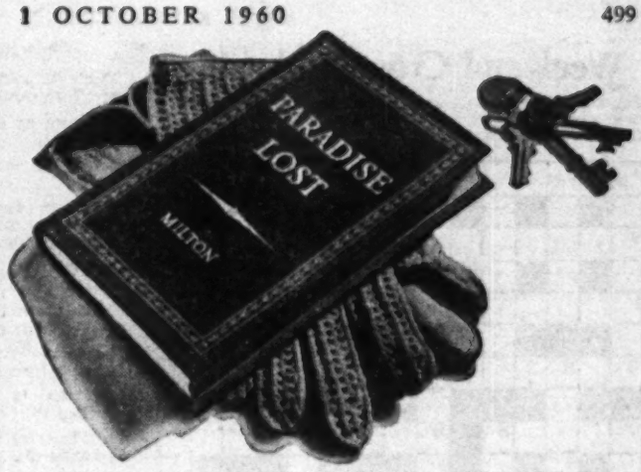

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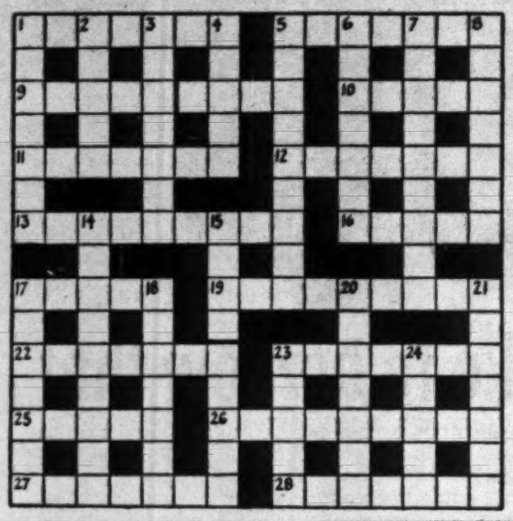

ACROSS

1. Decorate going backwards and forwards (7).
5. Resolute as the police in action (7).
9. Initial mistake in the field (5, 4).
10. Place in London which shows part of the performance in progress (5).
11. Second relative got rid of and destroyed (7).
12. Mathematical material may give us grief (7).
13. Less important lawsuit, not a capital matter (9).
16. Appears to observe the writing (5).
17. Markets for skill in composition (5).
19. Lumpy is no failure with unpunctual entry (9).
22. Goes without food for a joyful day among the actors (7).
23. Annoyance makes one look cheerful after tea (7).
25. Take part in a race on even terms (5).
26. The slow nose out what is becoming hidden (9).
27. Meeting of doctors from an ethical viewpoint (7).
28. The fellow back in the grass called afresh (7).

DOWN

1. Most of the trouble is in the actual declining (7).
2. Knock up the old lady in an Italian city (5).
3. Baseball player in cockney film (7).
4. Annoyed as expressed in the April edition (5).
5. Fed up about work I finish as a taker of drugs (9).
6. Asks a price for those in one's care (7).
7. Kind of weapon to prevent a split (9).
8. Hardy subjects (7).
14. One who gives a guarantee that the river flowed into the lake (9).
15. Relative target (4, 5).
17. Give wrong titles to Englishman & Frenchman (7).
18. 'For —— virtues Have I lik'd —— women' (*The Tempest*) (7).
20. Affair or connexion (7).
21. Indicated the negative in a legal transaction (7).
23. Provide food for half-term in the saloon (5).
24. Discharge for a man taken in drink (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 423

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 423

Donald Bradford (W.10)
D. M. Dakin (Hornchurch)
Mrs Gertner (Wolverhampton)

APPOINTMENTS VAC.—contd from p.499

HILL END HOSPITAL, ST ALBANS

Applications are invited from experienced and qualified Psychiatric Social Workers for the post of Tutor in Social Work at the above Hospital. The successful applicant will be required to draw up a syllabus of training in social work for qualified psychiatric nurses. The purpose of the scheme is to train staff in social service to patients both after a stay in hospital and while attending as out-patients at clinics or day hospital. The salary will be on the scale £845-£1,065 per annum according to experience and Whitley conditions of service will apply. Applications in writing giving age and experience together with the names of two referees to be sent to the Hospital Secretary, Hill End Hospital, St Albans, Herts. as soon as possible.

ESSEX
TRIPTONS YOUTH CENTRE, DAGENHAM

A full-time WARDEN is required as soon as possible for the Triptons Youth Centre, Dagenham. Candidates should possess a Degree; Social Science Diploma or Teaching Certificate and must have had experience in Youth Work.

Salary in accordance with Grade II of the Committee's scales for full-time Wardens of Youth Centres, viz. £925 x £30(6) x £20(1) to £1,125 per annum, London Allowance of £38 or £51 payable in addition. The scale will be subject to additions for training and graduate qualifications, if in accordance with Burnham Further Education Report conditions. Previous experience will be taken into account in assessing the commencing salary.

Further details and application forms obtainable from the Chief Education Officer, County Offices, Chelmsford. Closing date 17 October 1960.

TO THE EXCEPTIONAL INDIVIDUAL
THIS OFFERS AN UNUSUAL OPPORTUNITY

Reflective, male extrovert required for all-round duties as assistant to exacting but non-eccentric managing director of very successful speciality manufacturing and sales organization in industrial Yorkshire, doing a home and extensive export trade well in excess of £1 mill. p.a. Honours degree in English or Economics and commercial or advertising experience an advantage. Generous remuneration and very attractive prospects to the right man, as none of the directors' sons or relatives are employed in the business. Command of modern European languages useful but ability to express oneself concisely and vividly in English of greater importance. Must be willing to live in Yorkshire and gain experience as a salesman on the road. Age 24-32 years. Write fully in confidence, stating all qualifications to the Managing Director, Box 7498.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

CHILD Welfare Officers, London County Council. Children's Department. Applications invited from suitably qualified and/or experienced men and women for appointment as Child Welfare Officers. One vacancy exists now for male CWO; successful women candidates will be placed on a panel for appointment to future vacancies as they arise. Selected applicants will be based at one of nine Area Children's Offices in the County of London and their duties will include preventive casework, reception into care, boarding out, adoption supervision, after care, rehabilitation and other case-work for deprived children and their families. As children under supervision are placed in a wide area in and around London a considerable amount of travelling would probably be involved and ability to drive is therefore very desirable. Assistance towards the cost of driving tuition would be available to non-drivers. Loans may be available to assist officers to purchase cars. Candidates should have previous experience of child care or allied social work; possession of Home Office Certificate in Child Care or certificate in Applied Social Studies and/or appropriate academic qualifications would be an advantage. Commencing salary within range £665/£965 (subject to review) according to qualifications and experience. Opportunities for promotion to senior CWO positions carrying salary £850/1,185. Forms and details from Children's Officer, (E.1/NS/2451/9), County Hall, Lond., SE1.

EXPERIENCED Social Worker required by LCC as local tuberculosis care organiser at Islington Chest Clinic, Whittington Hospital, N19. Certificate of Institute of Hospital Almoners or recognised social science certificate essential. £679 (at age 24) – £884 (under review), commencing according to qualifications and experience. Married women eligible. Duties of medico-social nature and may include secretarial work arising from administration of local voluntary funds for benefit of patients. Form from Divisional Medical Officer (DI/NS/2321/9), 53 Clerkenwell Road, EC1. Closing date 21 October.

APPLICATIONS are invited by the London County Council Staff Association for a Deputy Secretary at a salary of £1,350 x £50 – £1,450. The Association is a trade union catering for a wide range of administrative, professional, technical and clerical staff, numbering in all some 10,000 persons, and it is expected that its present Secretary (whose salary rises to £1,650) will retire not later than September 1963. Application form and further particulars may be obtained from the Secretary, London County Council Staff Association, Room B.73, County Hall, London, SE1. The latest date for the receipt of applications is 31 October 1960.

EAST Sussex Education Committee. Child Guidance Service. Applications are invited for the post of Psychiatric Social Worker at the Bexhill Child Guidance Clinic. Candidates should hold the Mental Health Certificate of a recognised training course. Salary in accordance with the Whitley Council Professional and Technical Council 'A' Scale. Further particulars and application forms obtainable from the Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Lewes, Sussex.

THERE are vacancies for Student Nurses and State Enrolled Assistant Nurses at Poplar Hospital, East India Dock Road, London, E14. The next school commences 10 October 1960. Please apply to The Matron.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

KING'S College Hospital, Denmark Hill, SE5. Child Psycho-Therapist (Non-medical) with recognised training required for three sessions a week at the Child Guidance Clinic at the Belgrave Hospital for Children. Vacant from 1 October 1960. Clinic psychoanalytically orientated. Applications giving details of age, qualifications and previous experience, together with the names of two referees, should be sent to the undersigned as soon as possible. J. D. Banks, House Governor.

CITIZENS' Advice Bureau Service in Central London. Social workers needed with suitable experience and qualifications for work in the Family Welfare Association's CAB service. Training provided during which salary paid. When trained salary £525 x £25 to £675 p.a. Scale up to £800 p.a. for posts of special responsibility. Apply in writing to the CAB Liaison Officer, FWA, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Road, SW1.

CUMBERLAND & Westmorland Association of Boys' Clubs invites applications for the post of Organising Secretary from men, preferably under forty-five years of age, who have experience of youth or other social work, and administration. The Association is looking for a man of imagination and initiative who can carry forward its expanding work in the north west. Salary, between £750 and £1,150, with an additional £90 for graduates. The starting point within this scale will depend upon the applicant's qualifications and experience. There is a contributory superannuation scheme and a car is provided. Applications, giving full details and names of three referees, to the Chairman, C & WABC, Bridge End House, Cockermouth, Cumberland.

THE Workers' Educational Association, West Midland District. Applications are invited from graduates for the post of Organising-Tutor in North Warwickshire. Salary scale (at present under revision) £650-£1,200 p.a. Details and application forms (please enclose s.a.e.) from D. M. Buckingham, BA, WEA Office, 19 Calthorpe Road, Birmingham 15. Closing date for receipt of applications 7 October 1960.

MEDICAL Research Council require Clerical Officer/Secretary (female), aged 25-30, for Principal Medical Officer at headquarters office, 38 Old Queen Street, Westminster, SW1. Candidates should have at least 5 GCE or equivalent passes (English language plus four acceptable subjects) and speeds of 100 w.p.m. shorthand/40 w.p.m. typing. Salary, according to age and experience, from £576 to £732 on scale rising to £789 per annum. Additional allowances for proficiency. Superannuation; 5 day week, 3 weeks' leave. Write (full details and two business referees) to above address, quoting E2/21.

NORTH Islington Nursery School, 110 Tollington Park, N4. Headmistress reqd. 60 children. Burnham Scale paid. Apply with copies of 3 testimonials to Mrs Dobbings, 38 Lordship Pk, N16.

NURSE (SRN or SEN) wanted for Jewish Old Age Home in Hampstead Garden Suburb. Salary Whitley Scale or higher. Excellent accommodation and every comfort provided. Replies to Association of Jewish Refugees, 8 Fairfax Mansions, London, NW3.

WANTED Tutor for Indian girl in English Language and Geography for GCE 'O' Level exam. January 1961. Any hours convenient. W2 area. Box 7569.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE Arts Council of Great Britain reqs an experienced male Accounts/Ledger Clerk. Aged 26-30. 5-day week. Hours 9-5.30. Tel. Mr Wightman, WHI. 9737.

BOYS' Preparatory Schools. Parents desiring vacancies and men and women seeking teaching appointments, also Matrons and Assistant Matrons, should apply to R. J. S. Curtis, MA (E), Hon. Sec., Public Relations Committee, Incorporated Association of Preparatory Schools, Hurst Court, Ore, Hastings.

HOUSEKEEPER reqd for Jewish Old Age Home in London suburb. Excellent remuneration & accomm. Box 7147.

PUBLICITY Assistant required by Publicity and Public Relations Department of National Union of Teachers. Proven ability to write and handle lay-out essential. Experience in research and publicity desirable. Appointment will be for two years in the first instance. Salary £850 per annum. Applications to General Secretary, National Union of Teachers, Hamilton House, Mabledon Place, WC1, not later than 14 October.

THE University of Leeds. Secretary/Shorthand-typist required for the Department of Social Studies. Graduate preferred. Duties include looking after part of the Library of the Faculty of Economic and Social Studies. Appointment to be taken up about 1 November 1960. Applications to Professor E. Grebenik, Department of Social Studies, The University, Leeds, 2.

WANTED: woman for £700 p.a. (approx.) for post in young company publishing technical journals. She needs to have: 1. organisational flair with a mind for details, 2. enthusiasm for work at high pressure, 3. a pleasant mature personality, 4. shorthand-typing speeds. Box 7614.

LONDON publishers offer post with prospects for educated young man with administrative ability and experience, preferably with University degree and knowledge of French. Box 7610.

GRADUATE required as programme assistant by organisation planning Educational and Travel programmes in Europe for Americans. Must have initiative, knowledge of Europe and be able to deal with own correspondence. Salary £600/£700, depending on qualifications. For details write: Box AX8, Press & General, 10 Welbeck St, London, W1.

ASSISTANT Secretary required for vol. organisation concerned with preservation of historical documents. Would suit educated and responsible woman able to use initiative, pref. interested in history; work includes normal sec. duties of small office, but accuracy more essential than high speeds. 5-day week. Pension scheme. Write by 4 Oct. stating age, qualifications and experience, and salary required to Secretary, British Records Association, Charterhouse, EC1.

PUBLISHING and Advertising Secretarial posts. Mayfair Staff Selection Bureau, 5a Princes St, Hanover Sq, W1 (opp. Dickins & Jones). HYD. 6471.

EXPERIENCED Shorthand Typists reqd. Able to use initiative. £10 15s. Five day week. Fire Brigades Union, 865 Fulham Road, SW6.

SYBIL Topham of Dutton's Agy wishes to interview (a) experienced Shorthand/copy typists for temporary staff (b) competent Secretaries for interesting posts, £650-£800 92 Gt Russell Street, WC1. MUS. 7379.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

INTELLIGENT girl (shorthand-typist) for interesting work. National Federation of Young Farmers' Clubs, 55 Gower St, WC1. MUS. 9944.

SHORTHAND-Typist reqd for National Marriage Guidance Council. Interesting work in friendly office. Hours 9-5, no Sats. £10 p.w. Applications to Office Secretary, 58 Queen Anne Street, W1.

PUBLISHERS' production dept need part-time secretary. Write Box 7530.

A JOB for Macmillan in New York – a job for you in London through The Winifred Johnson Office Staff Bureau, 114 Holborn, EC1 (next door to Gamages). HOL. 0390.

THE G.K. Bureau has been established to guarantee executives continuous secretarial services. Tel. LAN. 2182.

AU pair. Own b/sit.; consid. independence. V. light duties inc. some ckg. Pollard, 72 Cromwell Ave., Highgate, N6.

FASHION model/receptionist required to demonstrate outsize younger set dresses. Age 19-23. Urgent. Box 7369.

COUNTRY Guest House requires capable working housekeeper. School-age child welcome, or married couple considered. Small flat available. Write Blenheim Farm, Robertsbridge, Sussex.

RESIDENT cook wanted for Jewish Deaf Club. Congenial home and excellent conditions. Apply Resident Warden, 92 Cazenove Road, N16.

CHAMBERMAID wanted for small country hotel. The Bell Inn, Aston Clinton 384 (Bucks).

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

FINNISH girl (24) married Englishman seeks post. Swedish/German typing. Phone TUL. 0991.

PROGRESSIVE post. Lady holding Management post for past 10 years seeks change. Ability in dealing with people at all levels. Box 7181.

YOUNG American woman six years US Travel Agency experience, seeks suit. London position pref. part-time. KEN. 3876.

MAN 33, wide commercial exp. writer, enthusiast cinema, theatre, film soc. sks appt film (trade) or similar. Box 7365.

OXFORD History Graduate 23, now teaching, seeks post where creative writing and theatrical ability and knowledge fully utilised. Linguist. Box 7622.

PERSONAL

MOTHER (working part-time) of school-aged children sks other parents to share lge house NW Lond. Objects: to make mutual arrangements for looking after children etc. and to lessen isolation. Box 7519.

EDUCATED girl with son of 3 wants accom. in exchange services. Box 7194.

WILL someone living in Essex please offer a home to two sisters, 14 yrs and 12 yrs? Warm, sociable personalities, but the younger is rather shy. Adequate payment made. Please write Area Children's Officer, (NDO/NS/2499/9), 124/128 Bethnal Green Rd, E2.

HOME Tuition: Qualified teacher High School standard wanted 10 hours a week to instruct girl age 15, Wood Green area. Phone BOWes Park 9838.

GIRL (21, musical) wants to share flat (W8 or near) with one or two others. Box 7586.

INTELLIGENT typist (18-30) with theatrical/literary interests wanted as secretary by actor-writer. 40 hour week, not always 10-5. TAT. 8599.

FRANCE. Excellent families personally visited and recommended will receive English boys or girls as paying guests Christmas, term-time. Further details from Junior Tourism, 47 Redington Rd, NW3.

PIANO Playing for Recreation. Cynthia Carey, Associate Teacher of James Ching, offers adult beginners and those who wish to take up their playing again, a method of approach which eliminates much of the frustration usually associated with ventures of this kind, which ensures (for the normally persistent and intelligent) at least some pleasure from the very beginning and which guarantees the near certainty of a rate of progress properly related to time and effort. 38a Hollycroft Avenue, NW3. HAM. 8526.

QUAKERISM. Information respecting the Faith and Practice of the Religious Society of Friends (Quakers) free on application to the Friends Home Service Committee, Friends House, Euston Rd, NW1.

FOREIGN Languages on Records Visa-phone French, German, Russian (soon) £8 11s. Interpret Holiday Courses £3 12s. Interphone 'Lightning' Conversational Courses French, Italian, Spanish, German 37s. Free Trial – No Deposit. Details from: BRS Ltd (Dept NS), 10 Bayley St, London, WC1. MUS. 7223.

LONDON School of Bridge, 38 Kings Rd, SW3. Sloane Sq. KEN. 7201. Club attached

CARAVEL Press Christmas Cards on show 11 Moxon St, Marylebone, W1. HUN. 0492

PERSONAL—continued

THE Inter-Varsity Club is a social, cultural and athletic organization for young ex-univ. and professional people of both sexes. Please write for brochures to 49 Hugh St, London, SW1. Branches also in Birmingham and Manchester.

ACCEPTABLE and lasting Xmas gifts of quality linens. Choose from our catalogue now. Damask cloths, luncheon sets, picture tea cloths, towels, handkerchiefs, etc. Rosemoyne Irish Linens, 9 Donegall Square South, Belfast 1, N. Ireland.

YOUR daughter would enjoy finding her job through Stella Fisher Bureau in the Strand.

CHRONIC Catarrh is commonly treated with drugs, inhalants, sprays, cauterisation and even surgery, yet withal the condition – the implacable enemy of fitness and mental activity – remains. Garlisol Tablets will liquefy catarrh and purify and clear the entire system. Harmless, benevolent, and with no drug reaction on the heart or other organs. Not habit forming. Send 32s. 6d. for six months' treatment (1,000 Tablets) or £1 12s. 6d. (3 months' treatment) together with booklet of dietary advice, to Garlisol Company, Fairlight, Sussex, or order through your chemist.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept. C20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science Ltd, Chronicle House, Fleet St, EC4. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons. We also offer an interesting booklet giving details and fees for our Courses & Criticisms, and success letters from students.

PRINTING at less cost than duplicating, even short runs, even when illustrated – and at what speed! William Kempner Ltd., 36 Brooke St, EC1. CHA. 3588.

WRITE for Profit and Make a Second Income in Spare Time. Send for free 24-page booklet, which tells how you can sell articles, stories, etc. to a very wide market (1750 editors have bought RI students' work). The Regent Institute (Dept T/191), Palace Gate, London, W8.

VISION corrected. Sight improved without glasses. Qualified Bates Practitioner Michael Ronan, 29 Gloucester Road, SW7 KNightsbridge 7323

PAUL & Marjorie Abbatt Toyshop. The right toys at the right age mean busy, happy children. Catalogue free for postal shopping. Dept NS, 94 Wimpole Street, London, W1.

PORTRAIT-Sketches in oil £15 15s. One or two sittings only, at Kensington studio. Box 7153.

PERSONAL — continued

HALLOWEEN Party (Square & Country Dancing) at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon, 28-31 Oct.; also 'England & the Armada'.

WHEN truth may be buried in prejudice, the Progressive League keeps it alive. Write: (N4), 20 Buckingham St, WC2.

HUMANISM – a modern outlook. Write Ethical Un., 13 Prince of Wales Tce, W8

PRINTING at less cost by offset litho with text in print-style type. Books, brochures, catalogues, etc., with illus., Susan Tully Ltd, 9 Blenheim St, W1. MAY 6093.

THE Linguists' Club, London's International Centre, Niddry Lodge, Holland St, W8 (WES. 0989), & 20 Grosvenor Pl., SW1 (SLO. 9595), for conversn & tuition.

FOREIGN girls, domest./willing avail. (1) au pair (2) req. free board & lodg in exch. 4 hrs help. (3) also paying sm. contrib. f. bd & lodg. and offer 2 hrs help. Eductour 10 Exhibition Rd SW7 KEN 8806

YOU can Write for Profit – with Know-How! No Sales – No Fees training brings you writing success. Benefit also from The Writer, plus two practical writing encyclopaedias – free! Send for Free N2 'Know-How Guide to Writing Success' (45th Edition), BA School of Successful Writing Ltd, 124 New Bond St, Lon. W1.

DON'T forget that I take children's photographs either at your home or 30 Abbey Gdns. NW8. Anthony Panting, MAI. 3200.

DUREX gloves and rubber surgical appliances sent under plain cover. Write or call for our free price list now. Fiertag, Dept N.N., 34 Wardour St, London, W1.

4½% interest (tax paid). Invest in a Society devoted only to assist owner-occupiers through The New Homes Building Society, East Twickenham, Middlesex. Chairman, Anthony Markowe, MP.

FAMILY Planning Booklet free under plain, sealed cover. Premier Laboratories (Box 46), 333 Gray's Inn Rd, WC1.

LONDON Contact Lens Centre, 66 New Cavendish Street, W1. Booklet sent. Also Oxford, Cambridge, Ipswich

PHILIP Humphreys, psychologist, formerly of Prince's Gate, now at Richmond. RIC. 4416.

POEMS wanted: send with s.a.e.: Arcadian Agency, Egremont, Cumberland.

RUSSIAN lessons given by ex Leningrad graduate. E.R., 31 Mowbray Rd, NW6.

YOU can speak Italian effortlessly in 3 months. Details: Setogni, WEL. 6655.

AUTHORS invited submit MSS. incl. poems. Subsidy basis. Citizen Books (NS), 20 Alexandra St, Southend, Essex.

Britain and the Bomb

If Russia doesn't give up H-bombs and other nuclear weapons, should Britain and America give up theirs... or keep them as long as Russia has them?

Is there any need for an organisation such as N.A.T.O. today?

If Russia **and** America both agreed to ban the H-bomb and other nuclear weapons, should we do the same?

If neither Russia nor America give up H-bombs and nuclear weapons, should we give up **ours**... or keep them?

Should we keep **ordinary** defence weapons...or have no weapons at all?

—*what the* PUBLIC *believes*

On Wednesday the Labour Party Conference debates the topic most vitally affecting its future . . . Defence. It is also the topic most vitally affecting the future of every home in Britain.

Much has been heard of conflicting views of two groups within the Labour Movement. **But what does the ordinary voter believe Britain should do?**

On Tuesday morning the **Daily Herald** will provide the answer. It will print the full findings of a scientifically conducted national survey in which several thousand men and women were closely questioned.

Some of the questions are given alongside. The Herald poll reveals the answers given by Labour voters, by trade union members, by individual members of the Labour Party and general public.

The deeply felt convictions of these sincere men and women of all ages and shades of opinion on matters affecting us all so deeply must now be made known.

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Covent Garden, WC2.

THE COVENT GARDEN OPERA
Der Ring des Nibelungen
3, 4, 6, 8 Oct. – All seats sold.

1960/61 SEASON OPENS 21 OCT. with SONNAMBULA.
Rep. incl.:
DER ROSENKAVALIER CARMEN
IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA
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Programme available. Booking open
Box Office Tel.: COVent Garden 1066.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE
Rosebery Avenue, EC1.
1960/61 OPERA SEASON

opens 5 Oct.	Evgs at 7.30
5, 7, 11, 14 Oct.	La Traviata
6, 12, 15 Oct.	Tannhauser
8, 13 Oct.	Tosca

Programme available. (TER. 1672).

THEATRES

ARTS, TEM. 3334. Evgs. 8, Th. 2.30, S. 5 & 8. 'Naked Island'. Mems.

LYRIC, Hammersmith. RIV. 4432. Evgs 8, S. 5 & 8.15. 'Mister Johnson'.

ROYAL Court. SLO. 1745. Mon. to Fri. 8.0. Sats. 5.0 & 8.15. Thurs. 2.30. John Arden's 'The Happy Haven'.

TH, ROYAL, E15. MAR. 5973. 8.0. Sat. 5.0, 8.0. 'Sparrers Can't Sing'.

TOWER. Direct from Edinburgh: 'The Bacchae' of Euripides. Extended season: 6, 7, 8, (Mems. 9), 13, 14, 15 Oct. at 8. Mats: 8, 15 Oct. at 5. 'The best, sharpest and strongest show on the Fringe – indeed, on the whole theatrical wing of the Festival' – Kenneth Tynan. Book CAN. 3475 (before 6), CAN. 5111 6-9). Canonbury, N1.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. 'Lady Audley's Secret' and Old Time Music Hall. Fri., Sat., Sun. 7.45. Mems.

CONCERTS

GUITAR Society Recital, Caxton Hall, Victoria St, SW1, Mon. 3 Oct. at 8 p.m. Admission 3s. 6d.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY (GER 2981) Morning Shows daily 11 a.m. (Ex. Suns). Comédie Française in Le Mariage de Figaro (A).

EVERYMAN, HAM. 1525. Until 2 Oct.: 'Hiroshima Mon Amour (X). 5th Japanese Film Season: From 3 Oct.: 'The Seven Samurai' (X).

CHRISTOPHER Fry reading from his own works, with Daphne Slater. Wed. 5 October, 6.30 p.m., 4 St James's Square, SW1. Tickets 7s. 6d. each avail. from Arts Council of Gt Britain at same address.

CHINA'S 11th Anniversary Celebrations. Artistes: Sybil Thorndike, Hedli Anderson, Susanna Slivko, Dorita y Pepe, Lee Soo Bee; also 'Who Was Lindley?' Dramatic script for 7 voices; Guest of Honour, Huan Hsiang, Charge d'Affaires of the People's Republic of China. St Pancras Town Hall, Sunday 2 Oct., 7.30. Tkts: 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d. All seats reserved. Apply BCFA, 228 Grays Inn Rd, WC1.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Dancing to Cosmo Combo and his group. Sat. 1 October, 8-11 p.m. Members 5s. Guests 7s. 6d. Non-members will not be admitted unless accompanied by a member.

GRAND Dance – International Friendship League. Sat. 1 October, Porchester Hall, Bayswater, 7.30-11.30 p.m. Tkts 5s. Annual Reunion – all welcome.

EXHIBITIONS

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Matter Painting until 22 October. Daily 10-6. Saturdays 10-1. Admission 1s. Members free.

IVEAGH Bequest, Kenwood Exhibitions: 'Francis Hayman, RA (1708-1776)' and 'Gold and Silver Plate from Goldsmiths' Hall'. Admission free. Weekdays 10-6. Sunday 2-6. Last day, Sunday 2 October. 210 bus from Archway or Golders Green stations.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Paintings by Neiman, till 11 October. 10-6.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George St, W1. Cesar – Sculpture. Opens Thursday 6 October. Until 18 November. Daily 10-5.30. Sats 10-1.

KAPLAN Gallery, 6 Duke Street, St James's, SW1. Anthony Harrison – Paintings. Until 22 October. Daily 10-6. Sats 10-1.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

ZWEMMERS, 26 Litchfield St, WC2. Paintings 1959-60 Derrick Greaves. Until 14 Oct.

MARLBOROUGH, 17/18 Old Bond St, W1. Gabriele Münter paintings – 1903 onwards. One of principal contributors to Blaue Reiter Group. Closes 14 Oct. Daily 10-5. Sats 10-12.

WADDINGTON Galleries. Sculpture: Adam Tessier. 10-6, Sats 10-1. 2 Cork St, W1.

BLUE Rider Group. Arts Council exhibition. Tate Gallery. Till 30 Oct. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues., Thur. 10-8; Sun. 2-6. Admn 2s. 6d.

MANZU. Sculpture and Drawings. Arts Council exhibition. Tate Gallery. Till 6 Nov, Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues., Thurs. 10-8; Sun. 2-6. Admn 2s. 6d.

FREE Painters Group – 8th Annual Exhibition 3-22 October – Walkers Galleries, 118 New Bond Street, W1. 10-5, Sats. 10-1. Woodstock Gallery, 16 Woodstock Street, W1. 10-6. Sats, 10-1.

CANALETTO Gallery – converted barge moored on Grand Union Canal facing 60 Blomfield Rd, Little Venice, W9. Nearest Tube Warwick Ave. – walk up Clifton Villas to wall & turn right. Impressionist Paintings by John Wynne-Morgan. Every day inc. Sun. 11 a.m. to 9 p.m. until 30 Oct.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq. André Bicat – Paintings and Etchings. Chien-Ying Chang Water-colours. Krishen Khanna. First exhibition in England.

MOLTON Gallery. Avinash Chandra – Paintings. 7 September-1 October, 44 South Molton St. W1. Dly 10-6. Sats 10-1.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum. The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. Portraits of Fellows of the Royal Society, 1660-1680, Electricity in the Service of Medicine and other exhibitions. Mon.-Fri., 10-5. Adm. Free.

NUDES of Jean Straker – Photography. 12-9. 5s. Visual Arts, 12 Soho Sq, W1.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W1, Pajetta & Bernard Dunstan: Recent paintings. (Weekdays 10-5.30, Saturdays 10-1).

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Prunella Clough: a retrospective exhibition of paintings and drawings 1946-1960. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Adm. free. Adjoins Aldgate East Stn.

QUEENSWOOD Gallery, 214 Archway Rd, N6. Henry Sanders. Till 12 Oct. (closed 1 Oct.). Daily 10-5.30, Thurs. 10-1. Sat. 10-7.

TOOTHS: 'Recent Developments in Paint III' including work by Appel, Francis, Jorn, Mathieu, Riopelle, Tapies, etc. Daily 9.30-5.30. Sats 9.30-1. 31 Bruton St, W1.

RAILLE Gallery, 24 Islington Green, N1. CAN. 7693. East London New Painters. Until 22 Oct.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

LONDON NLR CLUB
Monday 3 Oct., 8 p.m.
Marquee (next Academy Cinema, Oxford St.)
Colin Legum, Ian Campbell, Dennis Phombeah.
Chairman: Oliver Tambo.
BELGIAN CONGO
Members 1s. 6d. Non-members 2s. 6d.

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UNIVERSITY College London. Free Public Lectures, Autumn Term 1960. Fri. 14 Oct. at 5.30, The Seton Memorial Lecture by Mr Charles Mitchell, The 'Life of St Francis' in the Upper Church at Assisi. Tues. 25 Oct. at 5.30, Inaugural Lecture by Professor Stuart Hampshire, Feeling and Expression. Thurs. 10 Nov. at 5.30, Inaugural Lecture by Professor Richard Llewelyn Davies, The Education of an Architect. Complete list of public lectures (including lunch-hour lectures) from Publications Office, University College London, Gower St, WC1. (Stamped envelope required.)

SHAW Society: General Secretary on Shaw and America. At the National Book League, 7 Albemarle St, W1, Thursday 6 October at 7 p.m.

'NUCLEAR Energy; its development & biological effects'. Lecture by Prof. J. Rotblat & Dr P. J. Lindop on Sat. 8 Oct. 3 p.m. at U. of L. Senate House, WC1. 2s. at door (inc. tea).

DEBATE on Unilateral Nuclear Disarmament; at Burgh House, Flask Walk, NW3; Sat. 8 Oct. at 2.45. Hampstead Humanist Society.

PSYCHOLOGY, Metaphysics and Philosophy. First Thursday of every month, 7 p.m. Denison House, Vauxhall Bridge Rd, Victoria. 3s. Lecture & discussion.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

CHRISTIAN Socialists. At Scarborough: Dr Donald Soper, Canon Stanley Evans, Tom Driberg MP, Anthony Greenwood MP, Lord Pakenham, St Mary's Hall at 7.30 Monday 3 October. Open to all.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. 'Revolt of a Middle-aged Man' by Ambrose Appelbe, MA, LLB, FRAI, Wed. 5 Oct. 7.30 p.m., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq, WC1. Visitors 2s. 6d. Details of Society from Membership Secretary, 42a Westbere Rd, NW2.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns, W11. PARk 7696. Fri. 30 Sept., 8 p.m. 'Orpheus' – Musical tragedy by Russian composer of 18th Century – Fomin. Conductor: Alan Lumsden. Declamation: Dmitri Makaroff. Fri. 7 Oct., 8 p.m. 'Chekhov' by Ilyine. Read by Frank Granville Barker. Pushkin House, 46 Ladbroke Grove. Exhibition of Photographs by participants of the Pushkin Club's trip to Russia, from 3-15 Oct, 5-7 p.m. Tues. 4 Oct., 8 p.m. Rev. J. Innes: 'Russia, Past and Present', (coloured slides).

ISRAEL Film Show and Tea Meeting. Fairview Hotel, St Martin's Avenue, South Cliff, Scarborough. Speakers: Mikardo, Skeffington, MP, Plummer, MP, Tony Greenwood, MP. Admission: 2s. 6d. payable at the door. Organised by the Labour Friends of Israel. Monday 3 October, 5.15 p.m.

COMPOSITION and the art of painting: Demonstration-lecture by Clifford Wyndham. Finsbury Central Library, Skinner St, Rosebery Ave., EC1 (nr Finsbury Town Hall). Mon. 3 Oct. 8.30 p.m. Arr. by Finsbury Art Group. (Chairman: Eric Newton). Non-mems 1s. 6d.

MARJORIE Gullan Memorial Lecture. Kathleen Raine: Poetry and Initiation. Saturday 8 October, 3 p.m. Institute of Education, Malet St, WC1. Admission free.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Sq., SW1. Public Lecture, Wed. 5 Oct., 6.30, 'A Scientist looks at Buddhism', Dr R. Powell. Send 3s. for 'The Middle Way' containing articles on History, Philosophy & Application of Buddhism. Information: TAT. 1313.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8. Sun. 2 Oct., 6.30 Music & Readings. 7 p.m. 'A Purpose in Life': H. J. Blackham.

'THEOSOPHY for Everyman'. Public lecture, 2 Oct., 8 p.m. Free lit. S.a.e. ULT, 62 Queens Gdns, W2. PAD. 0688.

'WELFARE Capitalism!' by Peter Bryant from Australia, Sun. 2 Oct., 7 p.m. at 52 Clapham High St, SW4. Socialist Party of Great Britain.

OPENING of new Church on Sunday next, 2 October at 6.30 by Sir Adrian Boult (President), Strand Unitarian Church, Essex Hall (opp. Law Courts). Dedicated to racial and social brotherhood.

SCHOPENHAUER Society, Caxton Hall, 7.45 p.m., Thurs. 6 Oct. The Schopenhauer Centenary. Admission Free.

S. PLACE Ethical Soc. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Sun. 11 a.m. 2 Oct. Dr W. E. Swinton 'A Century of the Darwinian Debate'. Chamber Music Concert 6.30 p.m. Tues. 7.15 p.m. 4 Oct. Richard Clements OBE, 'A Century of the Social Conscience'. Open discussion. Write for free literature.

THE Friday Club meets 7.45 Fridays at 13 Prince of Wales Tce, W8. Talks with discussion on Literature, The Arts, Current Affairs, etc. from 7 Oct. For prog. apply Hon. Sec., M. Kew, 51c Fulham Pk Gdns, SW6.

SUNDAY 2 October, 6.30 p.m. at Friends House, Euston Road, NW1. 'Quaker Hope and Faith': Speaker: Kathleen Slack.

WEA Lectures. Literature, London, Art, Music, Psychology, Sociology in Golders Green, some in Hampstead. Details: 44 Rotherwick Rd, NW11. MEA. 2847.

CHINA'S 11th Anniversary Celebrations. See Entertainments Column.

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NEW Jewish Society. Wed. 5 October – No Meeting – Succoth.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of two lectures entitled 'Some Aspects of Fifteenth-Century Portuguese Culture' will be delivered by Dr Carlos de Azevedo at 5.30 p.m. on 11 and 13 October at King's College, Strand, WC2. Admission Free, without ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

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LECTURE CRSES, Etc.—continued

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Advanced Course – Department of Child Development Course in the Education of Children in the Junior School.
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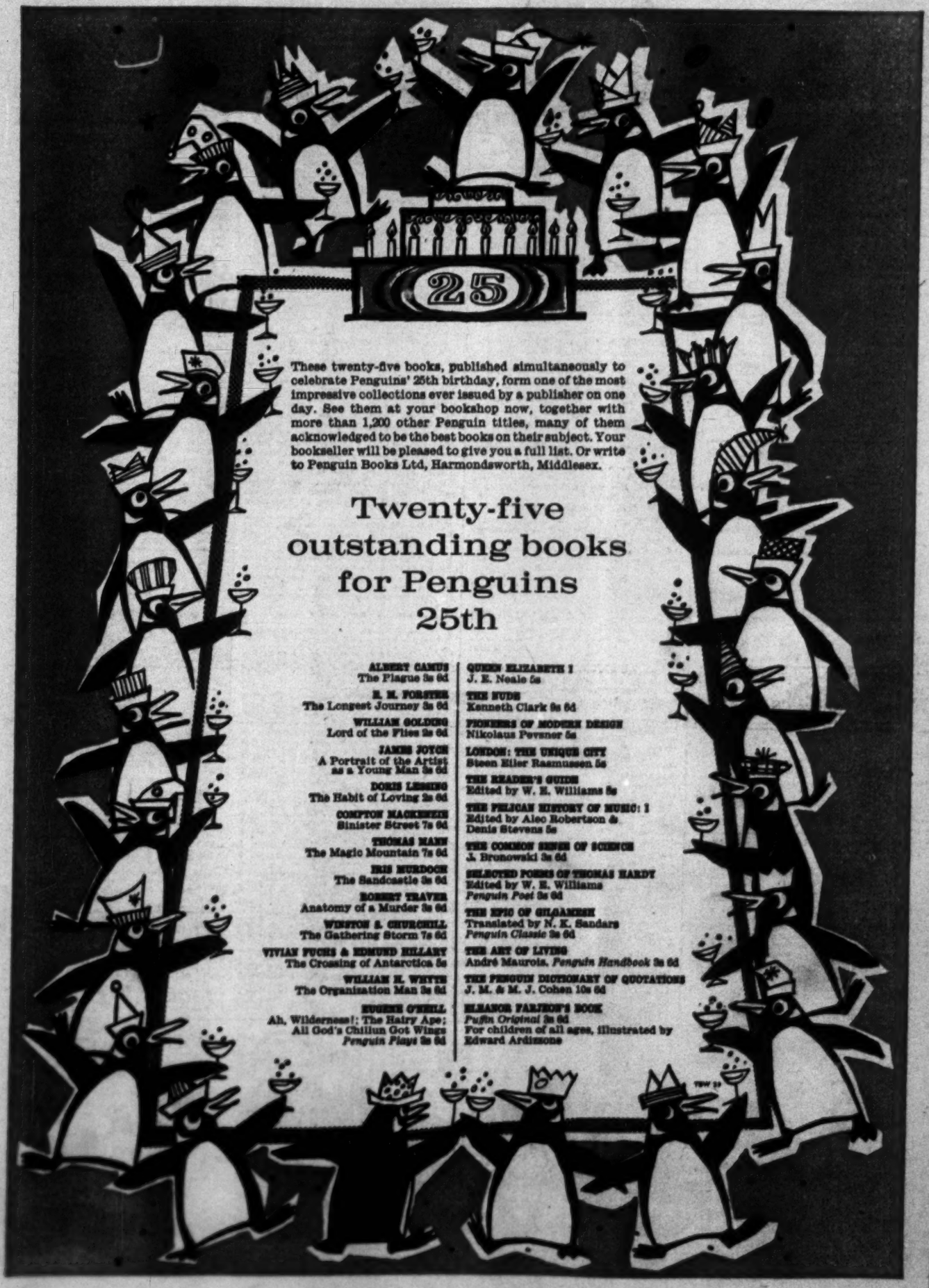

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